

The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**


OVER 600,000 COPIES SOLD EVERY WEEK

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

August 11, 1945

PRICE

3^d



DAPHNE CAMPBELL
Dead in "The Overlanders"

Aunt Hester

● A perfume can be oddly effective in bringing back to mind situations which are long since finished with, and for me the musty smell of mothballs and old newspapers always recalls the days when my Aunt Hester lived with us.

AUNT HESTER used to cover practically every article in her bedroom with sheets of newspaper to protect it from the sun, and exude naphthaline with every twitch of her old-fashioned shawl.

She was my great-aunt really, and at the time when my memory of her begins she was elderly and slightly eccentric. But rich, oh yes, and very shrewd. Naturally, in such circumstances, any eccentricities were regarded by her relatives with an indulgent eye.

After her husband died she spent some time with the families of her various nieces and nephews.

But my mother was the only one of her nieces who would put up with her foibles for any length of time.



Occasionally she would go away for a visit to some other relative, who, with a hopeful eye to her will, had issued a more pleasing invitation than was really meant, and one year she pleased everybody by going to England.

After she returned she said a great deal of nonsense was talked about the large tips one had to pay in order to get service on the voyage. Her tips altogether did not amount to more than 3/-, and the service she received was excellent.

On its face value this statement seemed extraordinary, but knowing our aunt we attributed the service to her red flannel underwear.

She believed red flannel had some medicinal qualities and wore it habitually. Much of this underwear was frilled, as we were self-consciously aware on washing-days.

She told us that the only thing she had forgotten to pack was her nightcap, but she soon overcame this when the weather was chilly by wrapping one of her red flannel pieces round her head. And it was then she mentioned how attentive the stewards were.

First one would come to open the porthole, then another to adjust it, and a third to inquire if she had everything she wanted.

"They could recognise a lady when they saw one," she said. "It isn't always those who pay most who command the most respect!"

Not unnaturally, she had quite a reputation in our suburb, particularly at the local garage, where she kept her car.

After hiring a driver for some time she decided it would be less expensive to have my mother taught to drive. But somehow, though my mother drove quite well, she never gained Aunt Hester's confidence.

One afternoon, hearing a mumbling in the back compartment, she turned her head to find Aunt Hester on her knees on the floor, hands clasped in prayer, and eyes closed, imploring the Lord to see that she reached home in safety.

As she grew older, her eccentricities became more marked. Country-bred herself, she was convinced that most city people were on the sharp side.

One afternoon in a large city shop she demanded to see the manager because she could not purchase one safety-pin. The assistant had explained that she was not allowed to break the card. Aunt Hester felt they were trying to swindle her into buying more than she needed.

There was almost half-an-hour's argument before she left the shop, saying that in future she would take her custom elsewhere. The long-suffering niece who accompanied her was nearly in tears. "A spineless

girl!" said Aunt Hester. Sometimes she would take a fancy to someone who served her, and then would follow questions like this: "Are you married, young man?"

"Yes, madam."

"Have you any children?"

"No, madam."

"Indeed, and what might be the reason of that?"

Her niece by this time would be some counters away examining the goods displayed with intent interest, so the family never heard any more of this type of conversation.

Another embarrassment was a small camp stool, of the kind that artists use, which was always taken on shopping expeditions. When Aunt Hester became tired she unfolded the stool and, ignoring the acute discomfort of her companion, sat down until she felt refreshed.

It was usually in the busiest city street that this happened, and while she sat she would watch the passers-by with interest and frequently audible comment.

The greater part of them watched her with interest, too, and once when my mother was sneaking off to give a shop-window the passionate attention that seemed called for on these occasions she was sharply called to heel.

"You are a strange girl, Margaret," Aunt Hester told her. "Forever worrying about what people think. From the look of most people it doesn't much

matter what they think!" Now, looking back over the years, I am not so sure that she hadn't got something there either.

Towards the end she was not strong enough to go shopping, but would do her purchasing by letter. One of the last things she bought was a silver tea service, a thing for which, as far as her family could see, she had no use whatever.

She kept it under her bed, wrapped in tissue-paper in its cardboard box. Under her bed also was an oil-painting of King George V, for whom she had a great admiration.

She became ill in the middle of an epidemic, when nurses were almost impossible to get, and after the household had been worn down we obtained the services of a Mrs. Jarrett.

Her introductory remark would have upset us a great deal if, after a week of Aunt Hester's illness, we had not been past the stage of being upset by anything: "I am not, strictly speaking, a nurse," she said. "My speciality is laying-out."

Had the patient heard her, Mrs. Jarrett herself would have been laid out by a well-directed Bible, kept by the bed for such emergencies.

However, it was not very long

after that, before Mrs. Jarrett was again practising her melancholy speciality, for poor Aunt Hester died. And if a lot of turbulence went out of our lives certainly a lot of stimulation went with it.

Her money she left to an orphanage.

Now that time has mellowed my memories of Aunt Hester, I feel sad to think that all that is left of her personality is the smell of old newspaper and mothballs.

You'll like your legs in Lustre—

Smooth sleek stockings that combine good looks with durability. Smart colours and fine finish are the hallmark of Lustre.



From smart shops everywhere

FULL FASHIONED HOSIERY & FINE LINGERIE



Glamour... depends upon something more than smart frocking and careful make-up. It involves happy personality, youthful vivacity, energy and fitness. That is why so many women begin each day with half a teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water... it's the secret of that inward cleanliness which means outward charm.

LOVE IS NEVER Enough

By
**ELSIE
TAYE**

THE war, which has caused so many separations, had promised, briefly, to do the opposite for the Bournes. But it could not. Nothing could. Dwight wondered if Rosalie knew how close to the end they were.

It had been coming for a long time. Before he left for officers' training school, almost a year ago, he had been going to tell her, in the best words he could find, that he had had enough.

Now she sat across the train aisle from him, her hat off. She knew he was looking at her and glanced up, smiling with cool grey eyes.

The last time he had looked across the aisle Bill had shown signs of becoming a little wild. Now he was asleep, his fair hair spraying out on his mother's lap, and Rosalie was reading.

It had seemed like another beginning for them, the night before he left for officers' training school, there in the too-expensive house on Oakfield Terrace that Rosalie's mother had given them. He had almost not minded at all about the house that night. Nothing had mattered except that he found a place for her to live near him while he took his training.

The new beginning had been only a beginning. Nothing more. Rosalie had done her best for several months. She had tried to be happy on a second-lieutenant's pay. She had claimed to be delighted with the shoe box of a house on officers' row in the little Pennsylvania town.

The Bourne house was the gayest, the most hospitable on officers' row. And if she could not do her own housework, take care of a dynamo of a little boy, manage all that en-

tertaining by herself — well, he should have known that it was too much to ask of Rosalie.

He thought of the evening they had stood on the little front porch, their arms round each other, grinning as they watched Lulubelle swing her three hundred pounds lightly up the street. "I wonder," Rosalie said, "how much Captain Duerr's wife pays Lulubelle." Dwight had dropped his arm. "Why don't you find out?" he asked shortly, going into the house.

After that the house was, if possible, more shining, and the savories Rosalie served with her cocktails more delicious and mysterious than ever. Dwight had his suspicions, although he never encountered Lulubelle, except on one occasion when he came home unexpectedly in the middle of the morning. Rosalie insisted that she'd hired her merely for a few hours.

He'd said nothing when he'd seen the cheque fall out of a letter from Rosalie's mother. Rosalie had promised to try and live on his pay.

His silence was apparently too much for her. "I did some shopping for mother," she said levelly, "and charged it to my account. This cheque is to repay me."

He merely looked at her.

Now they were on their way to spend his first real leave in a year with his mother-in-law. Rosalie said she was worried about her mother. Mrs. Thayer was alone in the house except for the servants, and Rosalie had an idea her mother was not well. Dwight snorted silently and regarded the flying landscape.

It takes patience and mutual understanding to build the perfect marriage, they learned.

Lill was as strong as a horse. As strong as that iron will of hers which had seen to it that her only child lived the way she had always lived, even when she was married to a man whose law practice did not produce the kind of income the Thayers thought adequate.

Not that he called her "Lill." He did not call her anything if he could help it. Only in his mind did he say, Lill, old girl, you're doing a good job. You're breaking up a very promising marriage, one that has all the elements of happiness in it. But you'll get your ewe lamb back, and she can be the kind of useless, arrogant woman you've been all your life. That's what you want for Rosalie. And it's too bad. Because she might have been a fine human being if you'd let her alone.

He would not say these things. Lill would have been outraged. She had not contributed to the support of the Bournes, not at all. Of course, she had insisted on a second maid for Rosalie. And the house on Oakfield Terrace had been a wedding present. The glittering roadster had been a birthday present on Rosalie's twenty-first birthday. Dwight had given her a housecoat.

A twenty-first birthday is important, and Rosalie's had occurred a few months after they were married. He had spent hours of flushed agony walking through scented aisles of lingerie before he found the present he wanted.

And he had wrapped it himself. The corners of the paper were thick and clumsy, the bow of ribbon crooked. Looking at it, the warm glow had started all by itself in Rosalie's eyes. And she had lifted the tissue paper. "Blue," she had breathed. "And my favorite shade! Darling, you must have spent hours! It's so hard to find." And she had paraded in it before the long mirror, the glow deepening in her eyes.

Well. That was a long time ago, almost four years. You couldn't expect a housecoat to remain important in the face of glittering roadsters, and second maids and too-expensive houses. But you weren't blind. You saw the golden wall that Mrs. Thayer was building between them, brick by brick.

So now they were going to spend what was in all probability his last leave at the great brick pile that was the Thayer house. He had wanted to spend it in New York. But Rosalie had won. As she and her mother would always win. She did not know yet that it was to be his last leave. Nor would she know, when he finally kissed her good-bye, that it was for the last time.

From some foreign country, when the pain had died a little, he would write and tell her he was not coming back to Oakfield Terrace. No man could build a future for himself and his family while he was made to feel, out of all reason, that he was not able to support his own wife.

"That's a lovely housecoat," he said softly. "The color—it does something to your eyes."

No one met them at the station, so they took a taxi.

The three-story brick house was not so brightly lighted as he remembered it. There were only one or two lamps showing, where before there had always been a dozen.

"Do you want any help with them bags?" asked the taxi-driver.

"No, thanks," said Dwight. "There'll be someone to take them."

"I don't think so," said Rosalie, helping Bill down from the running-board. "Higbie isn't with Mother any more. He's in the Army, you know."

Dwight did not know. No one had told him. "Okay, Bud," he said; "if you'll just take the big one."

Bud took the big one up the wide steps, and at once the grilled door swung open.

"Darlings!" cried Mrs. Thayer.

There was a coat over her slim shoulders and she got a little mixed up with opening the door, stepping out to meet them, kissing them all, stepping back in quickly. That, thought Dwight sardonically, is because she doesn't know how to open a door herself. It must be terrible getting along without Higbie.

"I've been watching for you," said Mrs. Thayer. "There wasn't anybody here I could send to the station for you, but I knew you'd be all right. Of course, I drive a little, but not at night. I do very well in the daytime."

Rosalie stood in the cold hall, laughing and shivering. At the same time she was looking closely, examining, at her mother. "I hope everybody in town has taken out more insurance."

"No. I'm quite good, really. I drive slowly and keep in the middle of the street."

Even Dwight had to grin.

"It's not very warm here in the hall, but the library is comfortable. . . . No. Don't ask him now. He'll remember Grandmother in a minute, won't you, Bill? . . . Now, if you'll just leave the bags here—thank you very much," to the taxi-driver as Dwight paid him and closed the door.

Please turn to page 4

Love Is Never Enough

Continued from page 3

SHE chattered on brightly. "We'll go in and have something—wine or perhaps a highball. It's almost too hot in the library, but then I was afraid you'd be chilled. You see, we just keep the rooms that we use heated." Here Mrs. Thayer looked worried, but only for a moment. "And milk, of course, for Bill—"

Heavens. She never runs down, Dwight thought, and I'll have to listen to this for ten days.

She went away to give the order. Rosalie knelt and took off Bill's coat, and smiled at him.

At the soft bumping sound Dwight looked at Rosalie, and then went to the door. "Why didn't you tell me," he cried, as he opened it, "I thought you'd have someone bring it in."

Mrs. Thayer laughed gaily, and allowed Dwight to take the tray. "But there isn't anyone! Myra, of course, is still with me. Poor soul, I had her stay in bed to-day—her arthritis is bad this week."

Rosalie was settling Bill with his milk. She straightened up. "Do you mean," she asked her mother, "that you haven't anyone but Myra here in the house with you?"

"But I don't need anybody, darling! I have a splendid cleaning woman. . . . This isn't a very good highball, is it, Dwight?" His mother-in-law looked at him anxiously.

"It's great," said Dwight generously. "Just hits the spot."

"Well. . . the sherry should be all right, Rosalie. It's some that your father got direct from Spain."

She looked at Rosalie, and they smiled brightly at each other. Dwight turned from the bright intensity of their smiles. Mr. Thayer

had died just after he and Rosalie were married. He remembered the violence of her grief.

Rescuing the half-empty glass of milk just in time, Rosalie said to Dwight. "Take Bill upstairs, will you? He won't wake up. I want to say hello to Myra. My old room, I suppose, Mother?"

"Well, no," said Mrs. Thayer, apologetically. "It's so big. The green guest-room heats up better—and there's that little dressing-room for Bill, you know."

Upstairs, Dwight laid Bill on the bed in the green guest-room. In a few minutes Rosalie came in.

"Myra is much worse than I thought," she said. "She'll be bedridden one of these days."

"Then your mother had better get her to a hospital."

"No. Myra's lived in this house for almost twenty-five years, and Mother says she's not going to send her away. . . . Did I leave my tweed coat downstairs?"

"I think so."

He stood up. He had stopped grinning. Things were becoming clear. Mrs. Thayer was building up a clever case to entice Rosalie home to her.

"Where are you going?" he asked as she moved toward the door.

"Over to Oakfield Terrace. There are some old clothes of Bill's there."

She had not asked him to go with her, but he followed quickly.

When he arrived Rosalie appeared at the head of the stairs, her face interested but not alarmed.

"Anything wrong?" she asked.

"I just thought it was stupid of me to let you come into an empty

house. I'll wait for you," he said, and walked into the living-room.

As he stood there, Rosalie came down with things in her arms. She dumped them on one of the chairs.

Smiling her cool, friendly smile, she asked him for a cigarette, and when they were both smoking she said, "Let's light the fire."

Rosalie sat down and they were silent until the ash of her cigarette was long enough to tap over the stone hearth. Then she said, "Mother is trying to sell this for me."

He felt his jaw move forward. "Is she?" he asked evenly.

Rosalie stared into the fire. "You don't mind, do you? You see, she understands we won't be—needing it."

"No," he said. "I don't mind. You two seem to be able to decide these things for yourselves."

"That isn't fair, Dwight. Mother had very little to do with it. It was my suggestion."

"But it wasn't your suggestion that she give us this house, servants, and a roadster?"

"No. Those were gifts. She thought it was all right, and so did I. We didn't understand you didn't want me to have anything you couldn't buy me yourself."

"But you knew at last that I did mind. And you let her go on sending you cheques."

"What cheques?" she asked.

Dwight laughed. "Don't be silly. I saw one of them. And, aside from that, Lulu's was expensive. None of the shavetails could afford her except us. And none of them could entertain as much as we could. They were living on their pay. Oh, I know you tried at first. I'll have to give you that. But you couldn't take it, Rosalie."

"And now I'm the one who can't take it," Dwight went on. "You're free, Rosalie. You and your mother both believe she needs you, and maybe she does."

"You really are a cad, Dwight," Rosalie stood up, facing him. "Now let me tell you something! I remember very well the cheque from Mother which you saw. It was exactly for what I said it was."

"As for Lulu's, I had her in one day a month to do heavy work. And it's just too bad that I was always rushed, always distracted. There happened to be a lot for me to learn. I promised you, a year ago, that I would live on whatever you made. And we did."

She went on. And he listened. And the fury in his face died slowly away. She was telling him that it had been her own idea to come home, "and if things had been right between us. . . ."

"Ah," said Dwight, interrupting at last. "You had to talk that over with her, too."

"Yes, I had to. I didn't know what to do."

"Then," he said, "you mean you've known all along it wouldn't work out for us—"

"No. Not all along. But I knew last year."

"And you just went on pretending everything was all right—"

"I was hoping. And I did what I could, Dwight." She looked at him steadily. "I could have held you that way—in spite of houses, and roadsters, and cheques, I could have held you that way. But I don't want to. If that's all we have, it isn't enough."

Asthma Curbed in 3 Minutes

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, and ruin your health. In 3 minutes Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day brings free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No dopes, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and get relief from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 34 hours or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Relieves Asthma . . . Now 6/- and 12/-



"It's very nice, but aren't the walls a bit thin?"

"What isn't enough? You mean love isn't enough, Rosalie?"

"Not enough for marriage—for our marriage."

"What else is there?"

"Lots of things. Understanding and patience and trust—for both of us. Dwight, I don't think you've ever trusted me. I got tired of trying to make you believe in me."

In the little silence that followed she turned away.

"You are right," he said presently in a low voice. "There isn't time to show you that I know how wrong I was—that I trust you. There isn't time for me to learn patience and understanding."

"You'll be going soon, won't you?"

"Yes. Very soon."

She moved from behind the chair, away from him, and went upstairs.

He waited for her to come down, thinking of how it would be now that he had lost her. It was his fear that had made him blind and stupid. His mother-in-law would not have

taken them from him. She was generous and gallant, as Rosalie was.

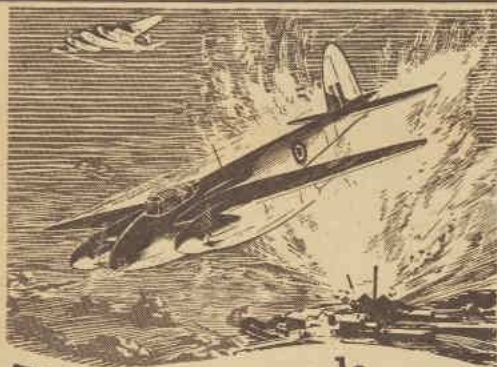
Rosalie was coming now. He turned from the window. In the doorway she stopped and looked down at the shimmering blue folds that floated away from her slim waist. "It was so pretty," she murmured, "hanging there in the cellophane bag."

She raised her head and looked at him bravely as she came to his side. "You said there wasn't time, but we have to live fast when there's a war on. We have to learn things at, well, at kind of a double time, and I've learned some things, in the last hour, that I had to know. Have you, Dwight?"

For answer he went to her and said softly, "That's a lovely housecoat. The color—it does something to your eyes."

"Yes, I know." She laughed her light, disturbing laugh, against his shoulder. "That's why I like it better than anything I've ever had."

(Copyright)



The men who made the "Mosquitoes"

The lines of to-morrow's cars may well be influenced by the Mosquitoes and other aircraft Britain's Motor Industry is making to-day, in collaboration with the Aircraft industry.

Many of the wartime developments that will surely advance the efficiency of peacetime transport cannot be announced while the war is in progress. But this much can be said: Britain will build a range of vehicles that will meet the exacting and specialised needs of overseas markets.

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY OF GREAT BRITAIN

AUTOMOBILES · TRUCKS · BUSES
expressly designed and built for overseas



TOP QUALITY

Tek

HAS THESE 3★ ADVANTAGES

- 1. Tek is Professionally Shaped.**
Tek is small and compactly shaped to fit the inside curves where tartar forms.
- 2. Tek has Better Bristles.**
Strong, springy, wear-resistant bristles make Tek a long-life brush.
- 3. Guaranteed Quality.**
The name Johnson & Johnson, known the world over, means superior quality.

YOUR TEETH DESERVE THE BEST TOOTHBRUSH MONEY CAN BUY

A product of Johnson & Johnson, World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings. And Johnson's Baby Powder, Baby Oil, Soap and Cream . . . Mouth . . . Meds, etc.

T6-45

Sylvester D.F.C.

A cat and a crazy young pilot changed the Group-Captain's luck

IT is unlikely that anyone will ever know what strange emotion caused Pilot-Officer Terrence O'Shea to bring Sylvester home to No. 16 Operational Squadron. It's possible the party in town had something to do with it, because he also carried a red lantern when he arrived at the gates of the station in the wee small hours of the morning.

Sylvester was a cat—a cat so ugly that he was almost attractive. One of his ears was missing and his left eyelid had a perpetual droop.

When Pilot-Officer Terrence O'Shea awoke from his slumbers that morning Sylvester was sitting on the end of the bed, winking at him. Somewhat startled, Terrence O'Shea stared at Sylvester. He studied the many scars on Sylvester's nose and noted that the missing ear made him look as though he were flying right wing low. He found himself admiring Sylvester's evil wink. Terrence O'Shea grinned and winked back at him. Thus was born a beautiful friendship.

The battle-scarred ugliness of Sylvester soon endeared him to all the gay lads round No. 16 Squadron. At the same time Sylvester developed a deep love for the Air Force. He strolled through the hangars and the mess and all over the place with a deep air of contentment.

Sylvester had his choice of cuts in the kitchen and his fair portion from every plate when he visited the dining-hall.

No. 16 Squadron was located out along the East Coast at a base from which the R.C.A.F. operated both bomber and fighter planes. The bombers ranged far out to sea in search of Hun submarines. Although he had built up a considerable number of hours in heavier machines since leaving Service Flying Training School, Terrence O'Shea spent most of his flying time in a fighter, and was bored by the complete absence of German planes.

The thing which brought about the crisis in the life of both Sylvester and Pilot-Officer Terrence O'Shea was the arrival at No. 16 station of a new commanding officer in the person of Group-Captain J. V. D. Appleby. It so happened that the Group-Captain was by no means a new commanding officer to Terrence O'Shea. He was none other than the same Tiger-Eye Appleby whose wrath had almost ended once and for all the flying career of Pilot-Officer Terrence O'Shea just before his graduation from No. 40 Service Flying Training School.

Although he had only recently been elevated to the rank of Group-Captain, Tiger Eye Appleby wasn't a bad egg as group-captains go. When he gave the station personnel a pep talk after the ceremonies of turning over the command they soon realised that he was a man who knew that two and two made four. "Gentlemen," he roared, "the German—ah—swine are making it mighty tough for our shipping out and down this Atlantic coast. We, as a coastal squadron, have a big job cut out for us. Inland folks don't think much about us. They're too interested in what's going on across the sea. But I want you to remember that this is also a front-line job and that the sailor boys of the Merchant Marine are mighty glad to see us over their heads."

When Tiger Eye Appleby had finished his address most of the station personnel were ready to swim out to sea at once and tear apart a couple of U-boats with their bare hands. They knew that they had at their head a doughy fighting man.

Yet, in the mess that night, unnoticed by anyone, a fateful event took place. Group-Captain Appleby, stout fellow that he was, got severely

unruffled. It was the sight of Sylvester that did it.

Unaware of the effect he was having on Tiger Eye Appleby, Sylvester strolled across the floor with a casual air and even rubbed his sides a couple of times against the Group-Captain's quaking leg. Tiger Eye winced like a man being bitten by rattlesnakes. Then he rose to his feet and swiftly departed from the room.

He went straight to his office and sat down to brood. It wasn't that he was allergic to cats. It was just that they spelled bad luck for Group-Captain J. V. D. Appleby in letters four feet wide and six feet high.

Under such circumstances, it is only natural that Group-Captain Appleby was considering ways and means of getting rid of Sylvester five minutes after he spotted him in the station mess.

The simple thing, of course, would have been to order Sylvester's removal. But Tiger Eye soon realised that Sylvester was too firmly established in the affections of the station personnel to be polished off by the mere stroke of a pen.

He resolved from the start that Sylvester would have to be removed by sheer cunning and perhaps even a little dirty work. One night, for the lack of any better plan, Group-Captain Appleby craftily lured Sylvester into his car, drove him into town, and left him there. He wasn't at all surprised when he had a flat tyre and got fenders nicked twice. On the contrary, he was happy and relieved that the journey had been completed without more serious misfortune. When he drove home he felt that a great cloud had been removed from the horizon of his life.

On the following morning Group-Captain Appleby whistled while he shaved. He would have broken out into a small jog on his way downstairs had he not realised that this was no fashion for a commanding officer to express his feelings.

It was when Group-Captain Appleby turned the corner to the dining-hall that the song in his heart shattered off to an anguished moan.

There sat Sylvester, winking at him. He'd evidently stopped off long enough on the journey home to take part in a small battle, because his nose sported a new scratch. But, beyond this minor detail, he was clearly in fine fettle.

Group-Captain Appleby, on the other hand, was suffering a severe relapse. Forsaking all thought of breakfast he staggered into his office and slumped down to his desk in a daze that was broken only by the discovery that he had chewed the end off his fountain-pen.

From then on Sylvester played more and more heavily on the mind of Group-Captain Appleby. To make matters worse, the U-boats grew extraordinarily frisky on the coast of Operational No. 16. Normally, Group-Captain Appleby would have blamed the weather, the shortage of flying crew, and a general increase in the number of enemy submarines in that part of the world. But in this case he included the presence of Sylvester as being at least a contributing factor if not the complete cause of these new woes.

By BRUCE WEST

It was shortly after receiving the news of the sinking of the seventh merchant ship that Tiger Eye Appleby began pacing his office.

"It's a disgrace!" he roared over his shoulder in the general direction of Wing-Commander Hicks, second-in-command. Hicks coughed politely.

"To-morrow morning at dawn," said Group-Captain Appleby in the tone of a man passing the death sentence on the whole German Navy, "I want every bomber on this station in the air. Every bomber, even if it has to fly on one motor—or no motors!"

"The aircraft are all right, sir, but we'll be short one bomber pilot. Fensom hasn't been replaced yet."

"Then use a fighter pilot! Use O'Shea, he's had time in heavy stuff! That freckle-faced Irish half-wit may have trouble lacing up his

shoes, but he can fly. Hicks, he can fly!"

"Yes, sir," said Hicks. Late that afternoon Pilot-Officer Terrence O'Shea sat on the side of his bed discussing current events with Sylvester.

"What do you think of that, my lop-eared friend?" said he. "I work my mind to the bone learning how to be a fighter-pilot so I can go overseas and fight Germans and instead I spend the rest of my days waiting for them to fly over here. Now they've booked me to fly a blinking bomber again. What we need, Sylvester, is more planning at the top. If we had more planning at the top we wouldn't be wasting first-class material like me."

Sylvester yawned and gazed up toward him patiently.

Sylvester winked a knowing wink. "By the way, old growler, have you ever flown in a bomber? It's really quite exciting, mooching along over the sea for four or five hours at a stretch. The scenery is enough to take your breath away. I think you'd like it. Yes, sir, if you promise to leave the controls alone, I think I'll take you along to-morrow for the ride. Do you think you could behave yourself?"

Sylvester winked.

Well before dawn on the following morning the exhaust ports of more than a dozen Canoes and Hudsons were spouting blue flame on the smooth tarmac of No. 16.

Seated in the "office" of one Canoe was Pilot-Officer Terrence O'Shea. Wandering round the cabin in bewildered fashion among the crest of the crew was Sylvester.

Terrence O'Shea ran his eyes over the instrument panel, glowing faintly in the darkness. Suddenly he felt a pat on his shoulder. Travers, the bombardier, was shouting into his ear.

"Hold everything; we've got some company coming aboard," he yelled.

"Who are we taking on?"

"None other than the Old Man



Sudden pandemonium broke loose in the little boat.

himself. They say he's pretty worked up about things so I guess he's going to look over the territory in person."

"Rowdy dowl!" exclaimed Terrence. "How's my tie?"

A few moments later Tiger Eye Appleby slid into the co-pilot's seat beside Terrence.

"Do you wish to take over, sir?" asked Terrence.

"Carry on, O'Shea," said Group-Captain Appleby.

Lights blinked from the control tower and one by one the big ships thundered down the runway and up into the night.

STEADILY gaining altitude the Canoe reached a point where the crew got a preview of the dawn as the sun gradually rose far down below the line in the east where the sea curved to meet the sky.

Tiger Eye Appleby seemed to be enjoying it all. In fact, he actually started to hum a little.

"Never get tired of seeing dawn from the air," he remarked to Terrence. "Watched it many the time in France in the last show."

"It's very spectacular, sir," agreed Terrence O'Shea.

An hour later it was bright daylight and all eyes in the Canoe were scanning the cold, grey surface of the Atlantic. The intense gaze of Tiger Eye Appleby seemed capable of penetrating several fathoms into the deep. To be exact, there was one pair of eyes not concentrated upon the ocean. They belonged to Sylvester, who was gingerly picking his way toward the control cockpit.

Lost in his study of the Atlantic, Group-Captain Appleby thought for a moment that the fur collar of his flying suit was moving up and down against the back of his neck. Then he realised that this was ridiculous. But he wasn't really conscious of what was happening until Sylvester skidded down his chest and landed in his lap.

Please turn to page 28

Kaydream Lingerie

by **KAYSER**

(Left)

No. 701, Nightgown, softly gathered bodice with shaped waistband, full skirt and deep V neck; neck and sleeves edged with loom lace.

(Right)

No. 570, Tailored form-fitting Slip featuring double-uplift brassiere—and No. 050, tailored Pantee with banded legs and buttoned band at waist.

Kaydream is a self-patterned fabric . . . exclusive to Kayser

Other garments now being styled in this favourite Kayser material are Pyjamas, Round Neck Slip, Round Neck and Brassiere style Vests, Scantees and Briefs. Ask to see them at your store.

KAYSER—The brand name
that's a grand name
the world over.

LINGERIE - HOSIERY - GLOVES

KAYSER

IRIS RANDALL, radio artist, and her admirer, **JIMMY DRAKE**, sales manager of Carrington Studios, are unwittingly caught up in a series of crimes involving the murders of **AL BRENNER**, **MARGIE BRETT**, telephonist at Carrington Studios, and **WALLY CARRINGTON**, director of the firm.

LIEUTENANT MAX GOLD and **DAN CROWLEY** are in charge of the case. Motive of the murders is possession of a box of apparently innocent cigars which Iris was to deliver to **PEDRO HERNANDEZ**.

CURLY ELLIS tells Jimmy that **HOWARD LAWTON**, Carrington's business manager, murdered **Margie**. Others involved are the mysterious **MARY BISHOP**, at whose apartment **Wally Carrington** was murdered; **SONIA**, Wally's wife; and **GLORIA SHERMAN**, Margie's successor, who is suspiciously friendly to Jimmy.

Tracking her to an apartment one evening, Jimmy finds himself confronted by **CLAUDE WILLIAMS**, Brenner's murderer.

Jimmy continues the narrative—

CLAUDE WILLIAMS kept on looking at me, but he spoke to Gloria. He said, "You dumb cluck."

She said, "I didn't know he was following me, honey. Honest, I didn't. He left me at my place and went home."

I was trying to get hold of myself. Claude said, in his flat voice, "What gave you the idea of shadowing Gloria?"

I told him about the penguin she had worn at the office that afternoon. He let me finish, and then started abusing her violently.

Gloria was upset, not by the graphic language, but by the accusation that she had made a bad mistake. She said, "You never told me I shouldn't wear it, Claude."

For just an instant my curiosity was stronger than my fear. I said, "Why did you take it, Claude? What were you really after was the cigars?"

He said, "I seen it, and thought it was cute. So I grabbed it. I was a fool."

He seemed uncertain of his ground, so I started talking.

I said, "Suppose you kill me? A gun like that makes a lot of noise. Chances are you wouldn't get away. If you don't shoot, maybe we can make a deal. If you let me go, and had a few hours' head start, you might make a getaway."

"So you're asking me to trust you, huh?"

"Why not? I'm not stupid enough to be a hero. Besides, I'd like to know a few things. I believe you would, too."

"All right," he grunted, "talk." "For a start," I said, "I'm interested in how you got mixed up in this."

He said, "I was an ex-con. I was broke. I couldn't get a job. So I agreed to go after them cigars."

"Who hired you?"

He hesitated. Gloria said, "He's not a bad guy, honey. I think you can trust him."

Claude Williams said, "It was Howard Lawton wanted them cigars." "Did he tell you why he wanted them?"

"He didn't tell me nothin'."

I asked, "Have you known Lawton very long?"

"No. I needed a job. I heard they was short of help at Carrington's. So I went to Lawton and laid my cards on the table. He talked to the boss and said there was nothing doing. He asked where he

DANGER IN PARADISE

could get in touch with me if he ever heard of a job for me."

"Does he know where you are now?"

"No. Not exactly."

"What do you mean? Not exactly?"

"When I read about the telephone operator getting rubbed out I sent Gloria to Lawton to apply for the job. She told him she knew where I was. She was his only chance to keep in touch with me, and I had his cigars. So he took her on. Once in a while he's sent me a little money. Not enough, but some."

"What else about Gloria?"

He came as near to smiling as it was possible for him to do. "Her makin' a play for you, you mean? That was just an idea. I figured you had seen a lot and knew a lot. So maybe if you and her got real friendly, she might learn something. She didn't care about you. She's my girl. And now about the cigars. What was wrong with them?"

I shook my head. I remembered my most recent talk with Dan Crowley. I said, "I don't know. What was?"

He backed over to the chest of drawers and took out a box marked **El Corsario Invencibles**. He opened the box, placed it in front of me, and backed away.

Inside the box didn't look much like cigars. There was a lot of filler and a lot of wrapper, but it was all messed up. "I figured," he said plaintively, "that there must be something valuable inside. Diamonds or something. So I broke 'em open. One by one. All I get is a zero."

I said, "That doesn't make sense." "I know it doesn't. But does Lawton know that?"

At first I didn't get it. He started talking again. "Lawton thought them cigars was worth plenty. I been dickerin' with him through Gloria. I'm planning to make him lay out some money. He offered me five hundred. I'm holding out for five grand."

I said, "Mind if I look these over?"

"You can have them. Provided I decide you can go home."

That was the most encouraging thing he had said. Then he added, "How much money you got?"

I held out my wallet. He took it and looked inside.

He said, "Killing you wouldn't do me no good. So I'll talk turkey. You

give me six hours. You keep your trap shut that long, and you got nothing to worry about. Plus one more thing: Gloria's to keep on working at Carrington's. You got to keep quiet about that, too."

I said I'd play it his way. He jerked his head toward the door. "Move," he said, "before I change my mind."

I didn't need urging. I picked up the box of junk which had once been cigars, and went out the door. I found a taxi and went home, thinking furiously.

No matter how I tossed this thing round, it still came up Lawton. Lawton had been tried for a murder which the police still believe he

had committed; Lawton had arranged for Benigno to meet Iris in Havana; Lawton was friendly with Hernandez; Lawton hired Claude Williams to burglarize Iris' apartment; Lawton hired Gloria Sherman; Lawton had been at the barn dance the night of Margie Brett's murder.

There was one additional angle. Something I had almost forgotten. Lawton knew Curly Ellis, and they didn't like each other. Curly had given me a lot of valuable information. I made up my mind to see him again.

The week-end passed reasonably. So did Monday.

I had a few minutes with Dan Crowley. The leeway I had promised Claude Williams was up, and I told Dan all about my encounter with him and Gloria. He said I had done the correct and sensible thing. That made me feel quite good.

That night Iris was making her debut on the new breakfast-food programme. I was taking her to the studio. I sent her a gardenia corsage, and when I called for her that night she had pinned it on. There was another corsage box on the dinette table. Gardenias. "Crowley?" I asked, and she nodded.

I said, "When you see him, tell him you're wearing his."

She said, "That's sweet, Jimmy. I'd kiss you for it, except you'd get all over lipstick."

We entered the studio by a special entrance. Iris turned me over to a slim-hipped lad in a page's uniform, and he conducted me into the sponsors' booth. I felt very important and exclusive, even after Crowley came in. It was a good show, and Iris was wonderful. Crowley and I agreed on that. After they were off the air, Iris had to sign a lot of autograph books.

By the time we got together, the studio had cleared. Crowley was still among those present. I said I had fixed up a little snack at my place. It had been intended as a surprise for Iris, but I invited Crowley. He said he was sorry, but he couldn't. Busy. Being an FBI agent is worse than being a doctor.

I got Iris into a taxi. Then minutes later we were home. I pitched her a gay apron which I kept on tap for such occasions and she tied it on over her dinner dress.

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

This gave promise of being a cozy little party. Everything as planned.

That's what I thought. But I should have known better.

We were having a lot of fun with sandwiches and pickles and beer when the doorbell sounded. I said, "I bet it's Crowley," and tried not to sound disappointed. Iris stayed where she was, while I answered the door.

Two men stood there. Two strangers. They were big men. They looked pleasant enough. They took off their hats and one of them said politely, "Mr. Drake? May we intrude for a moment?"



"We'll soon make you talk," the man told Jimmy threateningly.

I let them in, and we walked into the living-room. I turned to the spokesman and started to say something when the other man tackled. The arms that wrapped round my thighs were good, strong arms. The attack came from behind and knocked the breath out of me. Before it came back, the other man—the polite one—had swung into action, too.

Before I realised what was happening, they had a gag in my mouth and ropes round my ankles and wrists.

The larger of the two men told

Iris to sit down, and she obeyed. The shorter of the two stood watching me.

The tall man said, "I'm going to ask you a few questions, Miss Randall. If you give frank, honest answers—things won't be too bad. First of all, Miss Randall, why did you kill Margie Brett?"

Iris looked as amazed as I felt. She said, with astonishing calmness, "I didn't kill Margie."

The tall man shrugged. He said, "I know better. Was it because of the cigars?"

Now Iris made an impatient gesture. "Look," she said, "I know nothing about the murder or the cigars. You're wasting your time."

The man moved toward her. He

said, "I shall have to bind and gag you, Miss Randall. Just in case. It would be better if you didn't struggle."

I sent Iris a message with my eyes. I hoped she wouldn't do anything foolish. She evidently understood what I meant, because she submitted.

The second man disappeared. He went into my bedroom and started doing things. I could hear doors being opened. I could hear things being moved. Then he came back into the living-room. He looked excited.

He was holding what had been a box of **El Corsario Invencibles**. It was the box Claude Williams had given me.

He handed this to the man by the mantle. He opened the lid and stared at the mass of twisted tobacco leaf and powder inside. He made a sound which betrayed acute disappointment.

They whispered for a few seconds. Then the smaller man came over to my chair. "We'll soon make you talk," he said, and released the gag.

The tall man gestured at me with the cigar box and said, "Why did you break them?"

I said, "If I told you it was because I enjoy busting up cigars, you wouldn't believe me."

Please turn to page 36

HAND OF FATE

KATE DREAMED AMONG THE CABBAGES OF BEING SAMUEL'S BRIDE

CONSULTED WITH A SEER TO FIND WHY ROMANCE WAS DENIED

"I SEE THE LETTER 'S' MADAM" "THAT'S SAMUEL!" CRIED KATE

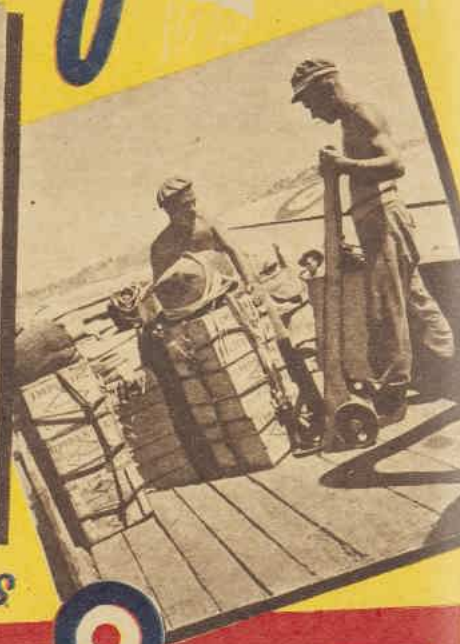
IT'S SOLVOL—USE IT FOR THOSE HANDS OR GRIME WILL SEAL YOUR FATE

Solvol shifts grime faster

SOLVOL

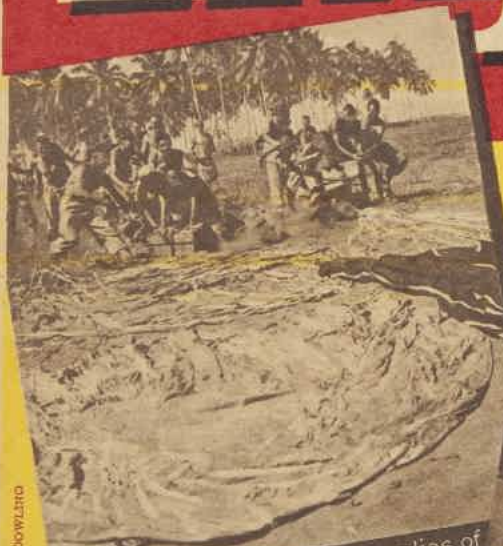
ED BY CENSOR 346

Flying Food

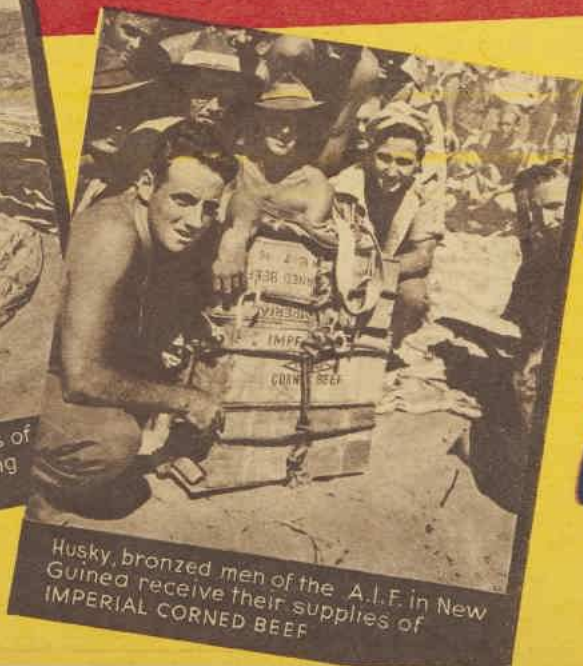


*Attached to parachutes,
and loaded into R.A.A.F. Transport planes*

Imperial CANNED MEATS



Troops racing to pick up supplies of
IMPERIAL CORNED BEEF as the billowing
parachutes settle on the ground



Husky, bronzed men of the A.I.F. in New
Guinea receive their supplies of
IMPERIAL CORNED BEEF

*are
dropped
to our
forward
Troops*

AND THEN CAME MONDAY

PAST Mead's corners, the tracks banked sharply to the right round a big clump of willows, and then there was the silver flash of Round Pond, and finally Eastfield Station.

He usually felt glad at the sight of the willows and of Round Pond. They meant home. But this afternoon he did not feel glad, and he did not immediately reach for his hat on the rack.

Eastfield men were rising here and there down the aisle, brushing ashes off their waistcoats, pulling at their trousers in a futile effort to eliminate wrinkles. The train groaned to a stop. The man who sat next to him got up. Jim Warren didn't move. He felt let down, and terribly tired.

No, I'm not sick, he told himself. It was possible to feel knocked out, and not be sick. The war could do that to you. People called it low morale, and he'd begun to detest the word. But he could see it meant something. For him it meant that he was sceptical of the hard work he did, the manufacture of thousands of little chucks and bolts, as essential to victory. He wished his contribution were on the surer ground of, say, that Blair Price, the airplane designer, who had moved into the house on the next street, with a garden which backed on Jim's.

Jim sighed and got up, and began working his way down the aisle. Blair Price never looked sick. There was nothing the matter with his morale.

And then, as his foot was leaving the last step, he swept away all his own alibis with sudden characteristic honesty. He had just caught sight of the coupe, and Molly's dark head and Jack's and Jill's lighter ones, set on small scrambling figures.

He said to himself with only moderate surprise, I don't believe the war has a thing to do with it. I'm just fed-up with the muddle of my home life.

Someone spoke his name, and he looked up into Blair Price's somewhat florid face.

"Hello, old man," Price was saying. "Very stuffy, the train." But he didn't look very much bothered. Nor did the smiling woman by his side.

"Hello, Price," Jim said. "Yes, it was. How do you do, Mrs. Price?"

"How do you do, Mr. Warren?" She took a deep breath as, with apparent relish, she surveyed the station. "Eastfield is a pleasant little corner between rounds, isn't it? I don't know what we'd do without it."

"It certainly is," Jim said. But it did not strike him that way.

The Prices moved on, leaving him more uncomfortable than ever. He did not know why they should make him feel uncomfortable. He hardly knew them; their acquaintance was limited to occasional over-the-garden-wall weather information. Thinking about it, he stood there, ignoring impatient waves from Molly's hand, and his eyes followed the big, florid man and the young woman with the copper hair agreeably intermixed with streaks of gold. She was vice-president of some big advertising agency, and he remembered that many of the housewives of Eastfield considered her rather too executive. He sighed again. He didn't know just what that meant.

He walked up to his own car, Molly and the children smiled up at him. It failed to cheer him.

"What did you bring, Pap?" Jackie clamored.

It was like every day, Jim thought, except that this time he had forgotten to bring anything. That last rush order had driven it out of his mind.

"I didn't," Jim said.

"Nothing at all, Pap?" Jackie said. "Nothing at all?" In his disappointment, he tumbled off the folded top and landed on Jill, who let out a shriek.

"Well, you might have remembered to bring some little thing," Molly said. "You know how they

Jim was restless, envying others their secret of happiness

By ...

CHARLES BONNER



look forward to it, and it keeps them quiet."

He was thinking of all the "little things"—the miniature trucks, soldiers, aeroplanes, and heaven knew what—he had collected at those last-second gift counters while he hurried for his train.

"Pap," Jackie said, "I betcher you've got it in your pocket."

"You betcher wrong," Jim said as he slid in beside Molly and took the wheel.

"You're cross," Molly said. "If you'd had the day I had, you'd—"

"I'm not cross," Jim said, and wondered if he was. "And please break Jackie of calling me 'Pap.' It isn't—respectful."

"You old goose," Molly said, slipping her hand through his arm. "It may not be respectful, but it's affectionate. It shows he likes you. Wouldn't you rather have that?"

He grinned. "I guess so."

"Jim," Molly said, in that quick way which indicated a change of subject, "wasn't that Mrs. Price you were gazing at and scraping to?"

"I wasn't aware I scraped," he said, "and I didn't gape. Yes, that was Mrs. Price."

"I didn't know you knew her."

"I don't. Only a nodding acquaintance."

"Oh," Molly said after a moment. "She's entirely too executive. Like a man. I believe in sex distinction. It's more interesting."

Ordinarily he would have let it pass, but something goaded him this afternoon. "She looks a very attractive woman," he said.

Molly gave him a shrewd look from the corners of her dark eyes. "She's too efficient," she said. "The way she manages her house and

those children and a business and a husband. It's all too well planned to be quite normal."

"It's how you look at it," Jim said. "Maybe she doesn't manage her husband. Maybe that's the secret of it."

Molly stared straight down the road. Then she said, "Jim, do I manage you?"

It was a small, slightly worried voice, and he put his hand on hers. "Maybe it's simply that her kids aren't always howling because Pap forgot to bring them a gadget from the city."

"Pap," said Jackie, roused by this conversation, "you're sure you haven't something in your pocket?"

"I'm sure I haven't something in my pocket," Jim said.

"Darling," Molly said to Jim, "why don't you take the children down to the drugstore after their supper and buy them a treat?"

Jim groaned inwardly. He had hoped to relax for a few minutes, but he could see there wasn't a chance.

"I wanted to get the bewa," he said, "I have an idea something is brewing."

"Please don't talk about the war," Molly said. "I wish you wouldn't always talk about the war. Be a dear and take the children down to the drugstore after their supper. I must rest. I really must."

"All right," Jim said. "All right."

After supper he took Jackie and Jill down to the drugstore. Finally he took them firmly by the hand and led them home. Then he put them to bed and went downstairs, thinking that the pair were worth the worry after all.

Molly had spilled something on

Even the sight of Molly and the children failed to cheer him.

the stove and started to scour it with ammonia. She got some in her eyes and screamed just as Jim was coming down the stairs. He rushed to her.

"It's nothing," she said, laughing. "You always yell as if you're killed." He was resentful, now that she was all right.

"Darling, I can't see. Would you mind doing the chops?"

He did the chops and they ate them in the kitchen because it was easier, although Molly said it was getting into a bad habit, and afterward he washed the dishes. Then he flopped into his big chair near the radio. He didn't intend to move for the rest of the evening.

"Jim," Molly said, "I wonder if you shouldn't shave."

He sat up sharply. "Why?"

Molly looked at her watch. "You just have time. They'll be here soon. The Parkinsons!"

"You never told me anything about it."

"I'm sure I did. And, if I didn't, it was because you always make a fuss at the idea of any civilised social life."

He leaned forward with elaborate patience. "I'm tired, Molly. I work very hard six days a week, and sometimes I want just to come home and sit and think or, if possible, just sit. Can't you understand that, Molly?"

Her fine eyes were cloudy and stubborn. "We have to see people once in a while. We can't always stay tucked away."

"I see people all day long. Sometimes I wish I never had to see another human."

"That's all right for you," Molly said. "But what about me? You keep me stuck out here in the wilds. Do I have to hate the whole world too?"

"You'll make me break down," Jim said. He despised the sarcastic mood, but the idea of the Parkinsons this evening was hard to take. "You have your club, your tennis, your war work—don't tell me you never see people."

"I'm not going to sit here and have you glare at me," Molly said getting up. "I'll see about the ice and stuff. You might at least set up the card table."

Jim did not move. He sat in his chair staring with incredulity at the idea that had come to him. Molly didn't get him. It seemed impossible after the closeness, the affection, the long intimacy they had shared. They had fallen in love, deeply in love, and they had spent months explaining themselves to each other. Then they had married, and they had spent additional months convincing each other that they had achieved the great human aspiration—they were not two people, they were one. Now, Jim could see, he and Molly were as far apart as they ever had been, and he couldn't understand it. Maybe complete unity was impossible. Maybe they were always alone.

Please turn to page 10

And Then Came Monday

Continued from page 9

THE executive Hester Price and her husband were seated under a striped umbrella at a table laden with breakfast things. Hester's slender figure was neatly encased in a well-cut red slacksuit. Blair Price was dressed in shorts and a polo shirt. He looked comfortable. He looked happy. The whole scene breathed peace and adjustment. It breathed something more. As Jim appeared above the wall, Blair Price was just releasing his wife's hand.

Jim found himself blushing because of his intrusion at this delicate moment, and he could not help murmuring, "Excuse me."

The two looked up and laughed, and Hester Price said easily, "Now you know all, Mr. Warren. Have you had breakfast? Hop over."

"Really, I couldn't," he said, but he knew he would, even if it only aggravated his envy.

Not that he was disloyal to Molly, nor that he would change anything in the world. But it gave him a twinge to remember those long-lost quiet breakfasts in the sun before—well, before a lot of things.

Why did people—married people—lose those strange and beautiful interludes? He missed those sudden excursions into the country, whipped up by Molly at the most unexpected and sometimes the most awkward moments.

Now he said to Blair Price, "You look awfully comfortable." He vaulted the wall.

"We are," Blair Price said complacently. "Hester knows how to manage."

"Karen," Hester Price called toward the house, "a dish for a gentleman." She turned to Jim. "It's sheer laziness. Scratch a good manager and you'll find a natural loafer."

A golden-haired girl of ten or so responded to the call and brought a plate and silver.

"This is Karen," Hester Price said.

Karen said how do you do, and flexed her knee. It was a sketchy gesture of respect but a pleasant one, and Jim wondered if Molly shouldn't start on Jill.

"Darling, another batch of your speciality. Karen has a fine wrist for scrambled eggs," Hester said.

"There's a boy, isn't there, Mrs. Price?" Jim asked.

"Yes, Chris."

"Tell Chris to bring out another grapefruit," Hester told Karen.

The girl disappeared and soon a boy of six or so with a beautiful black eye skidded round the corner juggling a plate with grapefruit.

"Do you think he'll make it?" Blair said.

"Sometimes we bet on Chris in the role of cupbearer," Hester said. "It's as exciting as the races and a lot more convenient."

Chris made it, said how do you do to Jim, and started to go.

"Isn't he about Jackie's age?" Jim said, remembering irrelevantly that he had forgotten to bring Jackie something from the city.

"They're great friends," Hester said. "I believe Jackie gave him the black eye."

"That's where Jackie got the cut nose?" Jim laughed. "He wouldn't tell me."

Chris was skidding back round the corner the way he had come. At that side of the house stood a collection of sheds and pens which excited Jim's curiosity. Blair Price saw his look.

"That's their own department," he said. "Yard, chickens, rabbits, workshop, that sort of thing. They have their own door into the house and their own living-room, which Karen refuses to call a rumpus room. We have hopes for that girl. But the arrangement saves a lot of bother for us—and for them. They can do as they please there, make their own rules, break 'em if they like. It's a funny thing, though, they don't break the rules they make themselves. It was Hester's idea."

So that was what Molly considered an excess of efficiency. It occurred to Jim that Jackie and Jill would benefit if their parents had a little more of the kind.

Jim remembered that breakfast for a long time. Eggs and bacon and grapefruit had never tasted quite so good. He remembered the peace of it, the adjustment, the quiet atmosphere that encouraged affection. He stayed a long time and left reluctantly.

Molly greeted him with a worried and somewhat annoyed face. "Jim, did you tell Jackie to climb a tree? It's already twelve o'clock. Where have you been?"

"I've been visiting neighbors," he

said briefly. It was his own little adventure in contentment, adjustment, and good domestic management. He wasn't ready to share it. "Did you tell Jackie to climb a tree?" Molly repeated.

"I don't remember. Did I?"

"Yes, you did," Jackie said.

Jim then noticed with alarm that Jackie was lying on the living-room sofa. "What happened?" he said.

"You told him to climb a tree," Molly said reproachfully, "and he fell and hurt his foot."

"It's better," Jackie said, getting up and hopping.

"Let's see, old man," Jim said.

He made Jackie lie down, and he manipulated his ankle. It was black and blue and a little swollen, but it seemed to be all right.

"I'm taking a walk," Jim said after dinner.

"I'd like to go, too," Molly said, "but it would be too far for the children."

"Yes, it would," Jim said.

"Jim, are you angry about anything?"

"Of course not," he said, and went out.

He came back after a long walk, carrying a bunch of goldenrod and in his head a few new plans. He kissed Molly cheerfully.

"Is supper ready?" he asked.

"No, I can't do much with this finger."

"Aren't the children helping?"

Molly wrinkled her nose. "Perhaps you're thinking of the Price children?"

"Oh, so you noticed?"

"I noticed you gorging yourself—as if you'd never had a decent meal at home."

"I didn't have to cook it," Jim said.

During the course of preparing, eating, and cleaning up, Jill broke two cups and Jackie broke the salad bowl.

"You see," Molly said.

"Cheap at the price," Jim said.

"They'll learn and we won't have to pay them wages."

But Molly was not listening. The children were in bed and she was at the dressing table arranging her hair. The doorbell rang.

"Oh, that must be Mrs. Ryan," she said.

"Will you let her in, dear? And then hurry and change your clothes."

"Mrs. Ryan? Who on earth is she?"

"The sitter-upper, of course. We're due at the Kents' in twenty minutes."

"You didn't tell me."

Something in his voice made Molly look up; her face was startled. He was sorry about that, but it couldn't be helped.

"Didn't I, darling? I thought—"

"It doesn't make any difference," he said. His voice was cold and cutting. "It doesn't make any dif-

ference what you thought, because I'm not going to the Kents. I'm staying right here where I can get some rest. You can now go down and send your sitter-upper away. You can then telephone the Kents and tell them to go to the devil. You can—"

"Jim!" Her face was shocked.

He paid no attention. He was busy getting his pyjamas and bathrobe from the cupboard. "I'm sleeping in the guest-room because—"

"Why, Jim—?" Her voice broke.

"—because I don't want to be disturbed. I don't want to answer the telephone. Until further notice, you can forget me as the devoted husband and father. Just think of me as an old bear who has gone into hibernation."

"Jim," she said, and her voice was very low. "What have I done?"

"Nothing. I just learned something to-day."

"Over at Mrs. Price's?" she said miserably.

"I learned a little of how civilised people live. I learned something of that peace and refreshment necessary to rehabilitate myself for the battles of to-morrow, something about well-mannered well-adjusted children, something about good management."

"Jim," Molly said. Her eyes were filling. "Don't act this way."

He ignored the tightness about his heart. "Good night," he said, and went to the guest-room.

In the morning he went into their bedroom and was surprised to find Molly up and the bed made. He looked into the children's room. It was neat and empty. He listened at the head of the stairs and, to his relief, heard voices.

"Molly," he called.

"What is it? I'm helping Muriel with the breakfast."

He whistled softly and went in to abave.

Twenty minutes later he optimistically descended the stairs, feeling more refreshed than he had in weeks. Eleven hours of sleep could work wonders. But his cheerful mood was abruptly broken when he entered the living-room. Jackie was lying on the sofa with a white bandage round his foot and ankle.

"What's this?" he demanded, going quickly to Jackie's side.

MOLLY appeared in the dining-room door. She was neatly groomed in a blue linen frock instead of the slightly unpressed houserobe she usually wore to breakfast. But her face was pale and sleepless.

"He's all right now," she began quietly, "although he had a good deal of pain in the night. I called in Dr. Chambers and he strapped it up. He says Jackie has a sprain. But you needn't worry. I'll manage. I needn't worry?" She stared at Molly's clouding face. "Why didn't you call me?"

"I—I didn't want to disturb you. You need all the rest you can get. I've been selfish and careless and a beast. But I'll change—oh, Jim!"

And then the tears flooded and she ran for the stairs.

He found her huddled on the bed, convulsed with sobs. He turned her face to him and kissed her.

"Jim, I'll be good," Molly said.

"I'll manage everything—better than that Price woman. You wait. But don't ever leave me again!"

"I won't," he said. "I promise. Gosh, we're going to miss that train."

Molly did not answer at once. When she sat up she had that eager yet enigmatic expression he remembered so well.

"You know what," she said eagerly, "I believe your morale needs a day in the country. We could take a picnic basket and just walk until we're all in, and then eat and tell each other how much we love each other in eight different languages and then—"

"Molly, be sensible."

"I'll tell Muriel," Molly said, getting up and going to the head of the stairs. "Muriel," she called down, "please telephone Mr. Warren's office and say he won't be in to-day. No explanation. Just say that. And Muriel, fix a picnic basket. You'll have to amuse the children after school to-day. You can teach Jill to curtsy, and Jackie—show him how to boil an egg."

Jim felt his defences collapsing, and he said desperately, "But the Prices—"

"The heck with the Prices," Molly said. "We're not like the Prices, and we never could be." Her lips were a soft whisper against his. "We have something better."

He could see that they had.

(Copyright)

Adventure

WITH



Russian Leather

eau de cologne

It is liquid temptation . . . fascination distilled into the most heart-disturbing perfume known . . . Russian Leather Eau de Cologne. Europe's most sophisticated women knew its irresistible allure. It will not fail you.

You'll find Russian Leather Eau de Cologne in intriguing scarlet and black containers wherever exclusive perfumes are sold.

(R.I.)

Permanently Yours



Curls that twine themselves around hearts are made by a Eugene perm. Soft, shining, yet adaptable, they make you lovelier by far. You get no ugly frizz with safe, guaranteed Eugene's perm.

eugène

Sole Distributors: All States
HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD.
Sole and Boy
War Savings Certificates

GIVE FEET HELP THEY NEED

Each Night Rub In
Zam-Buk

In times like these, when feet have to withstand so much additional strain, you can't expect them to feel comfortable and fit all day unless they have proper care—the care that Zam-Buk can give.

Just try this easy treatment for a week! Each night bathe your feet in warm water and dry thoroughly. Then massage the ankles, under the insteps and under and between the toes with Zam-Buk Ointment. As Zam-Buk is absorbed, it quickly

Removes Pain & Inflammation and takes out that tiredness which comes at the end of the day's work. It heals chafed, sore and blistered places, softens corns and hard skin so that they are easily removed. So remember—start with Zam-Buk tonight for happy, comfortable feet which will never give you a moment's trouble.

1/6 jar of all Chemists and Stores.

Ends Pain, Soreness, Swelling



"Long hours on my feet made them swell and become very painful—especially at night. But rubbed in regularly Zam-Buk is wonderfully comforting and my feet are now in fine condition. It's no trouble to get about now."—Mrs. A. Tyrrell.

"I had to wear slippers at my feet and ankles were so sore and painful. Sometimes I couldn't even walk. Besides proving very soothing, Zam-Buk ended my foot troubles. I now get about in comfort again."—Mrs. G. Lane.

Put the way to foot victory—buy War Savings Certificates.

Looking into SPRING



● The evergreen little tailored hat—the sailor. Here is the new spring version, tiny brim, large head-fitting crown tied on with spotted over-the-face veil.



● Surely derived from Grecian drapery is the soft underarm drape of this sleeveless summer dress. It gives a wide-shouldered bulky-top look, contrasting with the fitted, sleek, slim, accentuated waistline. (Right.)

● A lovely garden print made in the new pretty, soft style—a low, wide pleasant neckline outlined with black velvet, full long peplum to look like a tunic over the straight slim skirt. A mass of garden flowers round a large picture hat. (Left.)

● Lilly Dache makes this "hat" for her spring collection and calls it "Fleur Fabuleuse." Just three enormous, voluptuous, silk cabbage roses, combined with green ribbon. (Below.)



● A two-piece tailored dress softened with a ruffle on the front of the jacket to give that peplum or frill-about-the-hip look—done in white spotted crepe. (Left.)

R. G. W.

Inspiration from..

HERE'S contemporary fashion. Paris sees it emphatically hippy... loads of bulk above and below a tiny, nipped-in waist. Masses of material and plenty of drapery detail. Frocks definitely "soft." Hats colossal and blooming with flowers, fruit and veiling.

American dress designers see it with a straight, slim, smooth line. "Tailored to a turn" describes most suits and dresses from New York's spring collection. But hats are pretty, flattering.

The burning question for everybody interested in fashion is still, "Will the French capital resume place as the fashion centre of the world, or will New York steal the show?"

Well-dressed cosmopolitans say, "Paris now and forever. Paris has that thing, that certain thing we can't find anywhere else."

Pressed for a definition, they call it "the important little nothing that makes all the difference."

• Two-piece by Maggy Rouff, the long tunic-top front-buttoned, the sleeves enormously full above elbow. (Right.)



Maggy Rouff



• From Jo Copeland's summer collection in New York comes this gossamer Chinese silk printed top in multi-color, with a side-wrapped black crepe skirt girdled with black satin.

• In Gibson Girl stripes of pink and black, New York's Troy Stix designs this all-at-a-piece bare-midriff patio dress. (Left.)



• Like an old-fashioned peach basket is this hat in natural straw. Black grosgrain ribbon covered with field flowers trims it, with streamers down the back and a cobwebby veil. Wear it with a print dress.



L. Manquin

• Lucile Manquin makes a large, green, rough straw, cushion-crowned hat, adorns it with pink flowers, and covers it with coarse pink veiling dotted in green.

• Schiaparelli's floral rayon dress, with fitted bodice, long, full sleeves, drapery round the waistline, and a very full front. (Right.)



Schiaparelli

Paris and New York



• Troy Stix of New York shows this soft dress in her spring collection. Mexican cotton is the fabric, in richly colored bold plaid design. With it a patent-leather belt.



• Carpentier likes masses of drapery from shoulder to waist, waist to hip, and then masses of skirt.

• Paris makes hats any shape at all, but they must be big and high. Rose Valois trims this one with fruit, flowers, and veiling. (Left.)

Rose Valois.



Robert Piquet.



Balenciaga



• Designed by New York's Jo Copeland, summer's little black dress here takes a harem apron skirt. Not edges the V neckline, which extends into a deeper V at the back.

• Robert Piquet's favorite silhouette, with wide sleeves, heavy draping over the stomach, and plenty of skirt fullness. (Top centre.)

• Joseph Halpert of New York made the black-and-white, two-piece afternoon dress for his summer collection. The Chinese tunic is fastened with white plastic knobs. (Photo at left.)

• Balenciaga's suit interpretation, tailored but with accent on hip bulkiness.

New York Dress Institute photos, sketches by Rene.

Vicars

WOOLLENS



FOR MEN AND WOMEN

JOHN VICARS & CO. PTY. LIMITED, MARRICKVILLE, NEW SOUTH WALES

WORTH Reporting



Felis Domestica

R.A.N. bulletin, "Dit," tells this cat story.

"It is customary when Allied warships arrive in Sydney from overseas for an animal quarantine form to be completed in respect of animals borne in the ship. When H.M.A.S. Shropshire returned to Sydney recently the form was duly completed as follows:—

"Number and kind of animal: One (1) domestic cat (felis domestica). Description: Small grey-and-white mottled cat, alleged to be a native of Garden Island. Shy and retiring in nature, and suffering from operational fatigue is liable to jump at sudden noises. Has had no shore leave since joining the ship, and has had no contact with any other animal since leaving Australia. Sex: Female."

Like the soldiers

CAMPING for the postwar American girl will be rather wonderful if you can believe the advertisements.

Instead of the old tent and the bottle of citronella of prewar days, girls will go on holidays equipped like a New Guinea jungle fighter (advertiser's version).

The equipment is adapted from the Army, and will include rayon sleeping-bags, pneumatic mattresses, mosquito-proof hammocks, electrically heated food-warmers, and, if needed, jeeps.

THE "Skull and Wing" squadron of the U.S.A.A.F. in Burma have been so effective at destroying enemy roads and bridges that they have been christened the Burma Dental Clinic. Their motto is, "Bridge-Busting Our Specialty."

Waded to work

SISTER IVY CAMPBELL, of the Australian Island Mission, waded to work recently.

Stationed at Fitzroy Crossing, in W.A., she received an urgent call to a homestead across the river, which was rising owing to heavy rains.

Instead of waiting for a boat, Sister Campbell put on her bathing-suit and forded the strongly running river, an aboriginal following with her case.

After a ten-mile drive over slippery tracks she tended the patient and set out for home. By now a creek near the homestead was running swiftly, so again Sister Campbell put on her bathing-suit, a black-boy crossed the creek and fastened a wire rope to a tree, and Sister crossed, holding on to the rope.

With a party of natives she reached the Fitzroy in a dilapidated truck which bogged several times. The river was now too deep to ford, so the party crossed sedately and safely by boat.

Bigger feet

FEET of white men and women are getting bigger, and researchers at the University of Iowa predict they will continue to grow.

Women attending college 50 years ago had feet averaging 9.2 inches compared with to-day's 9.4 inches.

Average foot length of a white woman to-day is 9.3 inches, white men 10.3 inches.

Negro men have the world's biggest feet, 12.4 inches. Indian women have the smallest feet, 7.6 inches.

Lost property

LONDON taxi-drivers, officials of railway and bus services, say there has been more lost property per day through their hands since VE-Day than in any period throughout the war. They have the theory that it is due, particularly in London, to freedom from strain, which in some cases has developed into a dreamy forgetfulness.

"The majority of things are returned," said one official, "particularly handbags. But when coats are left behind the chances are against their turning up."

"With clothes coupons as they are, the temptation either to wear or sell a coat is usually too great."

The other day at Waterloo Station a woman retrieved her spectacles in a beautiful hand-tooled purple leather case edged with gold and obviously expensive.

The girl behind the counter charged her 3/6, the usual fine of five per cent on the value of the returned article.

The woman gave her 3/6, and the girl handed her a penny change.

"Oh, I don't want that," she said, with a radiant Lady Bountiful smile, "perhaps you'd be kind enough to give it to the porter who brought in the spectacles."

* * *

A CITY curio shop displays an aboriginal death-pointing bone in its window. On the accompanying descriptive card is boldly printed: "Ideal gifts for overseas."

WINTER'S TALE

OLD friend, the time has come to say good-bye.

So often have I held you to my heart

It is with sorrow that I ask you why

We must choose such a chilly way to part.

Many the nights that we have spent together,

I will not find your like where'er I seek—

Alas, that in such bitter wintry weather,

Hot-water bottle, you should spring a leak.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Papuan broadcasts

FIVE thousand Papuan natives listen to the Motu broadcasts given three times a week from Port Moresby.

The sessions, run by ANGAI in conjunction with the A.B.C., are conducted by Sgt. Maynard Lock, who is the son of a missionary and spent most of his life in Papua.

He has an assistant, a native, Morea Hila, who was for 18 years in a Government office at Port Moresby, and speaks and writes English fluently.

There are talks, made by a native choir, and—favorite of all—little stories contributed by listeners.

They are reprinted in a roneoed newspaper. One contributed item in a recent issue entitled "The Kangaroo and the Tortoise" is a Papuan version of the old fable about the hare and the tortoise.

Some villages own their own wireless sets, says Sgt. Lock. Other natives listen-in on plantation sets.

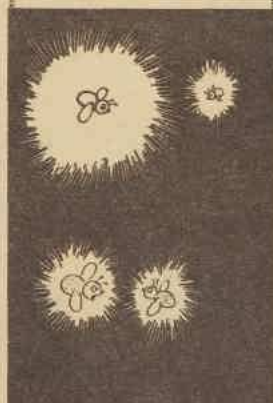
We too, smoke **TURF**

A grand smoke

10 for 10d., 20 for 1/8

TURF CIGARETTES ARE GUARANTEED 100% PURE

Animal Antics



"There's old fifteen-amp McSnarl showing off. He's gonna burn himself out before he's two days old."

WHY COUGH?

take **Y-COUGH**

'IT KILLS COLDS WITH KINDNESS'

1/9 AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

SO SIMPLE A CHILD CAN MAKE IT!

I COULD DO WITH A CUP OF COFFEE—WISH MUM WERE HOME

I'LL MAKE IT, DAD—COME AND WATCH ME—

FIRST YOU PUT THE COFFEE IN A WARM POT

THEN POUR ON BRISKLY BOILING WATER

STAND FOR FIVE MINUTES—STRAIN AND SERVE WITH MILK OR CREAM AND SUGAR

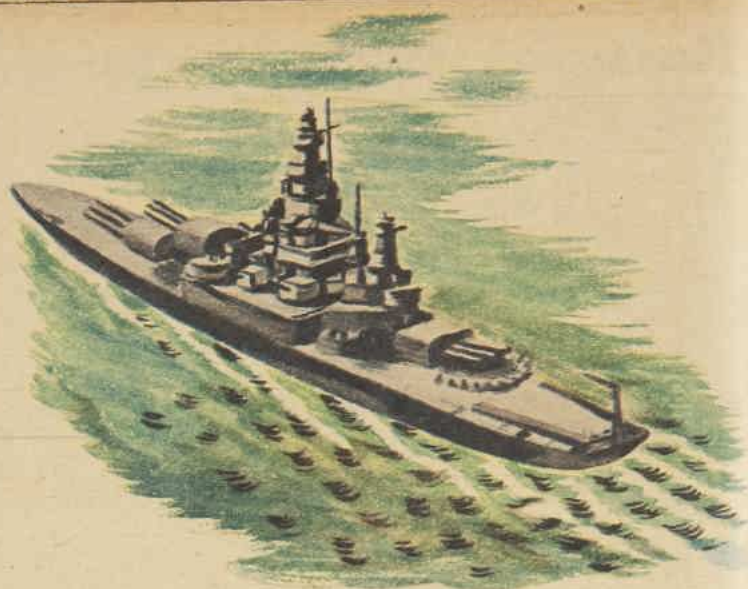
BY GEORGE—THIS COFFEE IS LOVELY

YES IT'S BUSHNELL'S

BEE

The BERLEI and the BATTLESHIP

What on earth . . . or on the wide green ocean . . . has a Berlei to do with a Battleship? On one hand the grey mass of a floating fortress, deadly, magnificent; on the other, a featherweight, very feminine and peaceful.



IT'S A PUZZLING CONNECTION, BUT THE ANSWER is simple. It's spelt C-O-T-T-O-N. Now do you begin to see our drift? It takes literally miles of crisp, cool cotton to reach right round the British Navy. And your war-time Berlei is made of cotton, too . . . plain, but good, washable and durable. So now "the Navy's here" it means an unavoidable shortage of Berleis. But you don't grudge it, do you? Think of the men who have come from the steel-grey storms of the Atlantic . . . from sailing the White Sea Route to Russia.

Instead of the cold . . . *heat*. Instead of the snow . . . *fierce sunshine*. Now the Navy is serving in tropical waters the Navy requires tropical outfits. Will you feel so badly about that persuasive little Berlei you mayn't be able to buy?



Berlei

TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATIONS

AND ONE FINE DAY IT WILL BE LIKE THIS AGAIN: Plenty . . . in dazzling variety. Meanwhile your war-time Berlei (plain though it may be) still measures and moulds with a master-hand . . . for it's designed true to size and shape. After the war—and this is a promise—you'll be "dream-lined" with the loveliest, flexible fabrics.



DO YOU LISTEN TO "JALNA"?

Berlei's new Radio Serial, broadcast from

2UW	3UZ	4BC	5DN	6PM	7HT	7EX
Tuesday	Saturday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Wednesday	Wednesday	Monday
8 p.m.	8 p.m.	9 p.m.	9 p.m.	8 p.m.	8.30 p.m.	8.30 p.m.

Rathey, V.C. his heart's back home on farm



PINE LODGE, BARMEDMAN, N.S.W., where Sgt. Rathey, V.C., grew up. He is spending a week's leave at home to celebrate his receiving the V.C. He is the fifteenth awarded to Australians in this war.

Spends leave ploughing for autumn sowings

By BETTY NESBIT

Looking through the kitchen windows of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rathey's 1600-acre farm, Pine Lodge, at Barmedman, N.S.W., you can see a field of rich brown earth just freshly turned.

Last month their third son, Sergeant Reg Rathey, who has just been awarded the V.C., spent his home leave ploughing the field ready for the autumn sowing.

"I ONLY hope I can be home to help put the crop in," he wistfully told his parents when he packed his bags to leave.

He was home sooner than he ever expected—on seven days' leave to celebrate his award with his family, who are still amazed at the honor and glory that are Reg's.

Friends from neighboring farms lent two cars to the Ratheys to drive into town to meet Reg, who when he got out of the train was surprised to find the townsfolk out to welcome him.

A crowd of cheering schoolchildren and a band added to the excitement.

Main item for the family dinner was mutton pie, his favorite dish.

Reg Rathey, 28 years old, fair-haired and blue-eyed and tall, loves the land and the country where he was brought up.

In the letters he wrote home from the steaming, green jungles of New Guinea he talked nostalgically of the life he had always known.

He did not tell of patrols, Japs, or death, but wrote:

"Will those 70 points of rain help to bring the crop up?"

"Bet Dad didn't enjoy that job of fencing."

"Ken (his brother) must be having a pretty busy time putting a fair lump of land under crop this year, besides feeding all the stock on chaff."

"Wish some of the rain we have here could be sent down to Pine Lodge."

"Are you keeping the rabbits down?"

"Wish I could see you girls harvesting."

When I visited the family I was picked up at Barmedman station by Mr. and Mrs. Rathey. Sandwiched in between them in the front seat of the old utility truck we drove out to the farm.

In between skilled dodging of the rut in the hard, red country road Mr. Rathey and his wife talked about Reg.

We got out at the gate of a red-roofed farmhouse, where an archway of yellow jasmine opened up on to the verandah.

I spent most of the day down on the floor in front of a blazing fire of mallee roots talking to Reg's sisters, May and Jean, and going through the family snapshot albums.

There were pictures of Reg at

about five years of age, seated on his pony ready to go to school; with a fox he had shot; posed with his cousins and grandfather on the Rathey farm at Springfield, in South Australia; in old clothes digging a well; then in his first uniform in the garden near the jasmine archway ready to leave home.

There are dozens of him in camp with "two of my best mates," and washing clothes in New Guinea.

From all this I learnt something about the gallant young soldier, the fifteenth Australian to win the V.C. in this war.

He went off to the Army in December, 1941. There followed many months in New Guinea, and then home for leave.

There hadn't been much fighting for him, and up till then war wasn't very real for Reg Rathey.

After leave he sailed north again, this time for Bougainville.

Hated to kill

IN one letter he said that he didn't know how he would ever be able to shoot anyone.

Then he saw his best mate killed in front of him.

After that he said: "It's just like shooting rabbits, only I feel sorry for the rabbits."

His biggest "bag" was five in one day—the day when, by himself, he attacked Jap foxholes and slit trenches in the Buin Road assault, on March 22.

The citation described his action:

"Casualties were rapidly mounting among our troops. Corporal Rathey (this was his rank then) knew that the delayed advance could only be averted by silencing enemy fire from automatic weapons in the bunkers."

"He determined that a bold rush by himself alone would surprise the enemy."

"With amazing courage he rushed forward, firing his Bren gun from the hip into the opening, under cover of three of the forward bunkers."

"On gaining the nearest bunker

he hurled a grenade among the garrison."

"He raced back for more grenades under heavy fire, and returned to the other bunkers."

In a further advance Corporal Rathey attacked a machine-gun crew and wiped it out.

In a letter written home to his sister, Jean, a few days later, after coming out of action, he said:

"Not much news, sister. Things are very quiet in this jungle paradise of ours. A few birds singing, otherwise not even a lousy mosquito to annoy a fellow. Hoping to see you all one of these fine days, your loving brother, Reg."

"One of these fine days" came unexpectedly soon, and early the next month Reg was home.

He didn't talk much about the jungle war and certainly he didn't say much about his dashing exploit.

One of his mates wrote to the family saying that "Reg was a bit of a superman, the things he was doing."

"The bit of a superman" used to have breakfast in bed every morning," said Jenn. "We like having him home to spoil."

"He was always outside ploughing or shooting rabbits and foxes. He seemed to have changed a lot when he first came home—much quieter—but after a while he was soon his old teasing self again."

He did tell them that he had been recommended for a decoration and on July 27, after Reg had gone away again, the family heard



CONVERSATION at the Rathey dinner-table is centred on Reg. His sister May is at the left, and on the right is sister Jean and brother Ken.



REG RATEY, V.C., a sketch by an artist friend made when he came out of the front line after his daring exploit.



TELEGRAM OF CONGRATULATION from Prime Minister is read by hero's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rathey, in front of the farmhouse fire.

the news on the wireless than Reg had received the V.C.

The telephone wires between the local exchange and Pine Lodge were kept pretty busy for the next few days.

The first telegram came from the Prime Minister of Australia (Mr. Chifley), then one from the Minister for the Army (Mr. Forde).

Dozens came from the neighbors and one from the man who had taught him at the little schoolhouse at Bellarwi, Mr. Bert Wheeler, now of Maroubra.

It was an exciting moment for his sisters and brother Ken when on the night after the award was announced they attended the local dance at Barmedman.

Mr. and Mrs. Rathey have four other sons—Percy, who is with a firm of electric-welders in Sydney, Edgar, who works in a sawmill at Bombala, Stan, a boatbuilder at Ulladulla, and Ken, still on the farm.



IN HIS FIRST UNIFORM. Reg photographed in the garden.



WITH HIS MATES. Reg (left) and two friends, Harry Wilson (centre) and Ron Hopkins.



AS A BOY. Reg (right) and his brother Edgar leave the farmhouse to ride to school.

Editorial

AUGUST 11, 1945.

BRITAIN'S DECISION

B RITAIN'S new Labor Government must now begin the tremendous tasks of war abroad and reconstruction at home to which the people's decision has called them.

This decision came as a surprise to the world and flatly contradicted the expectations of most political commentators.

Throughout the election campaign, the opinion was repeatedly expressed that the British people were too war-weary after six years of incredible suffering to think about political issues.

The sweeping change that they have made in their government disproves this theory.

Never before in the history of the British Parliament has Labor had a clear majority.

This means that many thousands of electors have had a change of political heart and have cast their votes for Labor for the first time.

So clear-cut and revolutionary a decision could not be made by a worn-out people.

Whether it is a wise one only the years ahead and finally the judgment of history will show.

Many who voted for the big change regret that it sweeps Mr. Churchill into a comparatively minor place in public affairs.

From the highest place in public affection and honor throughout the Empire he can never be displaced. It remains for Mr. Attlee to prove himself in peace as Mr. Churchill proved himself in war.

Snapshots in full color

AFTER the war even the owner of the humble box camera will be able to take his snapshots in full color.

The new process is being used in America. As yet in Australia the film is used only by the Services.

The R.A.A.F. uses it for reconnaissance, particularly in photographing the varying depths of sea along coasts where invasion troops have to land.

Since photography was first developed, experts have been looking for a film which would take pictures in color, and yet be inexpensive to print.

Amateur photographers have been able to take still color pictures in 35-millimetre cameras, but the processing of the film is expensive, and the pictures have to be shown on a special projector (as with color amateur movies).

But the new film will be cheap in comparison.

The photographer will buy his roll of color film, return it to the firm for development, and then choose which pictures he wants printed.

Many queries about mushrooms

THE mail of botanists in official positions always contains a fair percentage of queries about mushrooms.

The rain and damp weather which bring the mushrooms always increase the crop of inquiries.

Chief botanist of the National Herbarium, Botanic Gardens, N.S.W. (Mr. R. H. Anderson), told us that refugees from Central Europe are puzzled why so many varieties they are accustomed to eating are untouched here.

He said that centuries of mushroom eating in Europe had resulted in more complete knowledge of edible varieties.

Eating is often the only possible test for the layman—and a very dangerous one.

In Australia the only two eaten are the field mushroom and horse mushroom, although we have at least a hundred varieties.

Mr. Anderson advises mushroom seekers to use great caution, because many poisonous types are similar in appearance to harmless ones.

Traditional lore that a silver coin will not tarnish when rubbed against a poisonous mushroom is not to be trusted.

Lack of pickers in war years has made mushrooms scarce and dear in Sydney, ranging from 6/- to 7/- per lb. for cultivated ones, 4/- for inland field mushrooms, and 3/- for metropolitan field variety. They are cheaper in other capitals.

Although tasty, mushrooms have little food value.

Vaccine prevents cattle disease

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA, dread scourge of cattle in Northern Australia, is being successfully attacked by a new vaccine which has been developed by the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research.

In conjunction with the research a successful diagnostic test has also been evolved.

By it the disease can be detected in carriers. These animals carry the disease, yet show none of its symptoms. From them it is transmitted to the other cattle.

THE BRIGHTER FUTURE

THE difficult and hazardous household task of cleaning outside windows is solved by a new device (states a message from our New York office).

Windows are hinged so that the outside can be swung in for washing. The gadget also permits an adjustment so that windows can be kept open safely during a rainstorm.

Getting ready for tourist trade

IN order to be ready for the expected tourist boom after the war, the Tasmanian Transport Commission has just taken over 300 more miles of roads which it will reconstruct into first-class highways.

For this it is buying \$50,000 worth of modern road-building machinery.

Past, comfortable Diesel trains will be used in most of Tasmania's rail passenger services after the war.

The Government proposes to ask Parliament to give the Transport Commission permission to operate its own road services as well as rail and water transport.

If this comes about, the Commission believes it will be able to provide transport to tourist places not now well served.

Australian National Airways proposes to start intra-State services with two trips a day round Tasmania.

Housewives can now get spices

EASING-UP of wartime conditions has meant better supplies of spices for the Australian housewives who, when the Pacific War began, found they couldn't buy nutmeg, cinnamon, or ginger.

There are now supplies of these, as well as turmeric, used in pickling.

A buyer of a large chain of Sydney grocery stores reports small releases of canned fruit, canned tomato soup, and Canadian pickled herring.

No salmon has been sighted yet, and he calculates that it will take many shipments of 50,000 cases each of salmon before it takes its old "stand-by" place in larders.

New tomato grown for canning

A NEW tomato specially grown for canning has been produced by the Victorian Agricultural Department, and will be on the market this year.

It is called Tatnister, and has a tough skin, which can stand transport after being suitably grown in a hot climate.

It is a big improvement on the department's popular Tatura Dwarf Globe which, although it has prolific home growth, is too thin-skinned for successful transport to distant canning factories.

Both tomatoes were grown at the Horticultural Research Station at Tatura, Victoria.

YOUR COUPONS

4 Coupons now available are:-
TEA: 1 to 12 (1 to 8 will expire on August 26).
SUGAR: 1 to 6 (good till October 31).
BUTTER: 7 to 9 (all August 26).
MEAT: 10 to 18 (valid till August 26). 19 to 21 will become available August 13, and remain valid also till August 26.
CLOTHING: 22-27, 27-32.

Hessian popular for furnishings

HESSIAN, which did a good war job, is now being promoted to decorative uses that it seldom had before the war.

In 1940 the Army took over nearly all available supplies.

Huge amounts were needed for such big jobs as hiding roadways and the movement of transport vehicles from air observation.

This was done by placing a false "road" of painted hessian several feet above the real road.

Since supplies of it reappeared in shops, and many other furnishing materials were couponed, uncouponed hessian has been popular for uses ranging from aprons and cushion-covers to curtains for amateur theatres.

Before the war it was mostly regarded as fit for decorating sleep-outs and back verandahs. Now, dyed in bright colors, it is used for bedspreads, curtains and covers.



LT-CDR. V. A. SMITH

Fleet Air Arm expert, thirty-two-year-old Lieut-Commander (O) V. A. Smith, R.A.N., of Sydney, has been appointed to directorate of Naval Air Organization of British Pacific Fleet. His wide experience includes work with naval staff for Normandy invasion.

W. A. s serving in Ark Royal when she was sunk in Mediterranean, in H.M.A.S. Canberra when lost at Guadalcanal. Twice decorated for gallantry. Is graduate of Royal Australian Naval College.



MISS ANNE GUTHRIE

Y.W.C.A. in Philippines
A WORLD secretary and adviser to Y.W.C.A., Miss Anne Guthrie, of U.S.A., is returning to Philippines as Y.W.C.A. emissary. Before war spent five years in Philippines, and will assist in rehabilitation work. Says 12,000 dollars raised in Philippines before war.



Y.W.C.A. buildings will provide nucleus for reconstruction. For last four and half years has been in India as director of Y.W.C.A. services in India and Burma.

CAPTAIN G. STURT

presents explorer's flags
GRANDSON of explorer Charles Sturt, Captain Geoffrey Sturt, London barrister, has presented to South Australia two 100-year-old flags carried by Sturt on his Australian expeditions. One of them was given to the explorer by the women of Adelaide. For nearly fifty years the flags hung at home of Captain Sturt's mother, Mrs. N. G. Sturt, writer of the explorer's biography, who died last year, aged 94.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD fortune predominates now for most people, particularly those born under the signs Aries, Sagittarius, Leo, Libra, and Gemini.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Best promotions, gains, and changes, especially on August 7 (midday and after 3 p.m.), 8 (to 3 p.m.), 9 and 11. August 12 and 13 poor also.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Be guarded and dodge obstacles, indiscretions, and arguments. August 7, 8, 9 (early), 10 (after midday), and 14 may be difficult.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): August 7 (midday and after 3 p.m.), 8 (to 3 p.m.), 9 (to 3 p.m.), all helpful. August 12 (noon to 3 p.m. and after 8 p.m.), 13 (except 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.), and 14 (to noon) all good.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): August 8 (evening), 11 (after sunset), and 14 (after 4 p.m.) all slightly helpful. August 12 and 13 poor. Live quietly.

LEO (July 22 to August 31): Best new projects, changes, and promotions now. August 7 (except 7 a.m. to 9 a.m. and 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.) good. August 8 (to 3 p.m.) good; then fair. August 9 (morning) good; then fair. August 12 good after midday except near dusk. August 13 (except 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.) excellent. August 14 (to noon) fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Unspectacular days, though August 9 (evening), 10 (very early), 11 (early and late), and 14 (near sunset) fair.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Opportunities, changes, and gains possible now. Utilize August 7 (midday and after 3 p.m.), 8 (afternoon), 9 (forenoon and evening), 12 (except near sunset), 13 (except 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.), and 14 (to 11 p.m.).

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Be on guard, for discord, delays, and difficulties are likely, especially on August 7, 8, 9 (early), 10 (after midday), 12 (early dusk), 13 (afternoon), and 14 (night).

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): Good times possible. Work hard and seek changes, gains, and promotions. Utilize August 7 (except 7 a.m. to 9 a.m. and 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.), 8, 9 (to 2 p.m.), 12 (except near sunset), 13 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.), and 14 (to noon).

CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 20): Stick to routine. August 9 (evening) fair. August 11 (after 3 p.m.) good. Rest of week can be tricky.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Beware indiscretions, parties, questions, misjudgments, and changes. Live cautiously, especially on August 7, 8, 9, 10 (after midday), 11 (afternoon), 12 (evening), 13 (afternoon), and 14 (to noon).

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Keep to routine now. August 9 (evening), 10, and 11 poor. August 14 (after 3 p.m.) fair. Avoid new projects and changes.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

FILM GUIDE

*** **The Mask of Dimitrios.** This Warner's thriller is unusual fare. It is frankly sensational, but finely acted. Peter Lorre is remarkable in a straight role as the earnest little author who follows the career of sinister Dimitrios across Europe to get copy. Newcomer Zachary Scott is fine as the evil, plotting, fix-packer Dimitrios, and Sydney Greenstreet makes unctuous Mr. Peters, who also follows Dimitrios, shrewdly plausible. Faye Emerson provides feminine interest.—Plaza; showing.

** **Dark Waters.** Over-emphasis of sinister atmosphere keeps this United Artists psychological thriller out of top grading. As the neurotic heiress Leslie Calvin, who has weird adventures in New Orleans after arrival there from a torpedoed ship, Merle Oberon does some real acting. She registers more expression than she has done in recent films. Thomas Mitchell is properly spine-chilling in the villain's role, and Franchot Tone is reassuringly solid as the doctor hero.—Empire; showing.

* **Fiddlers Three.** This is pantomime comedy, starring Tommy Trinder. Ealing Studios provide a hearty yarn which flips blithely from modern to Roman days, giving plenty of scope for lavish settings, wartime gags, dancing girls, and all the rest. Apart from the energetic Mr. Trinder, best performance is that of Francis Sullivan as Emperor Nero. Frances Day is moderately glamorous.—Victory; showing.



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Were lured to Kord Key, Isle of walking dead (Kordies), by **BARON KORD:** Whom Narda agreed to wed if he freed Mandrake. **TRINA:** Kord's sister, befriends the captives.

Mandrake and Lothar pretend to be Kordies. Kord, thinking Mandrake harmless, shows him the sacks of powder which he adds to the drinking-water of his victims, turning them into Kordies. Mandrake and Lothar outwit their guards and obtain some barrels of salt.

NOW READ ON:



Heroic slum crusade to save "problem tenants"

Brotherhood's aim—'new hearts, new homes'

By MARY COLES

A scheme for rehousing "problem tenants" and giving them a new design for living is planned by the Brotherhood of St. Laurence in Melbourne, led by Father C. Kennedy Tucker.

"Problem tenants" comprise the incorrigible 10 per cent. of every city's slum industrial area. They are the tenants whom landlords and housing commissions have to blacklist even in normal times.

"STEEPED in up to three generations of slum inheritance, problem tenants are past helping themselves," explained Father Tucker, a slimly built, middle-aged Anglican clergyman, with a keen down-to-earth grasp of social problems, who interprets religion in deeds rather than words.

I found him at work in a pocket-hankie-sized office over a fancy shop in a Melbourne arcade.

"With the right guidance, problem tenants can be reconditioned into good citizens," he said, outlining the Brotherhood's plans.

"As soon as we raise an initial £20,000 the scheme will be launched with the purchase of structurally sound houses in congested areas.

"A minimum sum will be spent on cleaning and freshening them up, clearing blocked drains, and provid-

ing gas, water, and sanitary services," he went on.

"Then they'll be let to problem tenants at rentals fixed on the tenant's income rather than the property value.

"The next move will be gradually to re-establish problem tenants' self-respect.

"Trained in good habits, they'll eventually be able to qualify as model tenants for Housing Commission homes as they become available," he went on.

Basing some of their methods on those most successfully adopted by that grand Englishwoman Octavia Hill, who pioneered house property management by women in London slums during the last century, they will enforce regular payment of rentals, however small.



CRUSADER. Father Tucker smiles when Shirley Abraham brings in cheque for £1000 from MacRobertson's Chocolates, to aid Housing Appeal.

Cleanliness will be another condition of tenancy.

Because most tenants will need to be constantly told, cajoled, and firmly "sold" what to do, house property management will be in the hands of specially trained women.

There will be one to every thirty families. To all intents she'll be the rent collector. But her real work will lie in carving a friendly niche in each family circle. Trained in how to cope with every type of social problem, from crime to laziness and general depravity, her job will be steering each family's outlook to better things.

Over friendly chats on rent day, or a "just passing by pop-in visit," she'll engineer the conversation round to household problems, improvement in cooking, nutrition, domestic economy, child care, and use of leisure.

Instead of setting up "problem tenant" settlements in special areas, they will put their problem tenants in houses dotted here and there in slum suburbs. This is to prevent the public from knowing who are problem tenants and who are not.

Overseas attempts show that settlements for uplifting undesirables are not a success because of the social stigma which becomes attached to people who live in them.

"The majority of problem tenants lay the blame for their inability to hit out for themselves and live normal lives on their early environment," says John Reeves, the Brotherhood's Social Research Officer.

"Ignorance and adverse conditions from childhood seem to have ground the spirit out of them.

"For instance, in the slums there are men nowhere near retiring age who are incapable of holding down jobs, and so lacking in self-respect they honestly don't want work.

"Investigation usually shows their parents and even grandparents were the same before them."

Then there are other families like the XXX's.

Mr. XXX, a thin, neurotic type, is continually changing his job because he takes sudden dislikes to people.

Before the war he was on relief most of the time. Now, although the family income including child endowment is about £7, he refuses to pay the 5/- a week for their hovel of a home. His wife just drifts along.

The health of their nine children is very much below standard, and family discipline is practically nil.

Not far from the XXX's is another type of problem family.

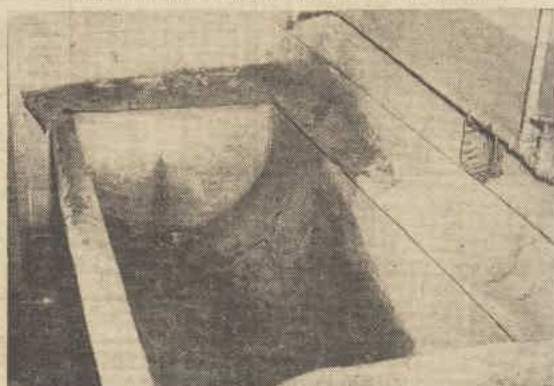
Their idea of ridding themselves of the repressions of their squalid surroundings is by roistering at neighbors' parties, with father making a dramatic entrance by smashing in the front door with an axe!

Father Tucker admits that progress in giving problem tenants new hearts as well as new houses may be slow, but he says they're too expensive to be ignored.

"They cost taxpayers millions of pounds," he pointed out, "because in the main they're the people who fill our gaols, hospitals, and asylums."



SLUMS LIKE THIS industrial area living-room breed problem tenants. Ninety per cent. of slum dwellers respond when re-housed but Housing Commissions must blacklist 10 per cent for slum mentality.



BATHS LIKE THIS one, which is typical of countless slum baths, help to make problem tenants. Filthy dirty and thick with rust scales which would tear flesh of anyone who used it, slum tenants keep cleaner by keeping out of it.

The Brotherhood hopes the success of its scheme will provide a working scale-model for a Government or semi-Government sponsored drive to rid the nation of problem tenants.

Meanwhile, the present housing shortage is doing everything possible to break the spirit of countless healthy minded Australians, and turn them into potential "problem tenants."

"Few of us could stay house-proud and normal, living under the conditions thousands are forced to suffer at present," he argued.

At the Brotherhood of St. Laurence Social Service Bureau in Fitzroy I heard heart-breaking stories from men and women, many of them new to slum-living, desperate for somewhere to lay their heads.

Social workers related numerous instances of a number of houses being rented at from 10/- to 35/- by one person, and sub-let again in rooms at exorbitant rentals.

Frightened women

CLAIMS to the Fair Rents Court for rent reductions often resulted in unbelievable victimisation.

A young woman, with a baby in arms and another child of about two, ran screaming to the bureau one night for help, when, after a successful application to the Fair Rents Court, her landlady "hit the roof about the children crying." Her rage was unbounded, and language hair-raising.

Another woman, the wife of a shift-worker, used to walk the street with her baby in a pram sometimes until 2 a.m., waiting for her husband to return.

She was afraid to be alone in the degraded atmosphere of the apartment house where they were living.

I next met the remnants of another family.

A father and a mother in her

early twenties were living in one room. Eighteen months ago they had been a family of five—also sharing one room in another apartment house.

Shortly after their arrival there a fellow lodger died from tuberculosis. A few months later the father, who had previously enjoyed good health, had to give up his job and go on an invalid pension.

He had T.B.

In a short space, two of their daughters entered sanatoriums with it too.

The eldest daughter has been boarded out with relatives to try to give her a chance of survival. A discharged LAC, a former farm laborer, told me that his wife had temporarily placed their two-year-old daughter in a foundling home while he was in the Air Force, as she found it impossible to get accommodation with two children when their second baby arrived.

When he was discharged medically unfit from the Service after several major operations which were not the result of war injuries, they were unable to keep up payment for their daughter in the foundling home.

Any child in a foundling home with payments four weeks in arrears automatically becomes a State ward.

Now, before they can re-obtain custody of their child, apart from paying off the arrears, they must be able to satisfy the State Children's Department that they have a suitable home for her to return to.

"I've given up hope of ever being able to do that," he said, in a hollow, dispassionate voice.

It takes a lot to keep smiling in the face of overwhelming odds.

As Father Tucker says: "Problem tenants don't just happen originally. They are created."

"And until they are rehabilitated every one of them stands as a reproach to the nation."



A half-hour feature programme by the people—for the people, with outstanding talent drawn from the workshops and factories.

FRIDAY
9.30 p.m.

from 2GB

MRS. ATTLEE AS BUSY AS HER HUSBAND



RADIO PICTURE of Mrs. Attlee, shopping in the village near her home at Stanmore, on the day her husband became Prime Minister.

Will take her bicycle and the family dog to No. 10

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON of our London Staff

The new British Prime Minister's wife will take her bicycle with her to No. 10 Downing Street.

"I'm sure it will be as useful to me there, in these petrol-rationed days, as it has been at my own home during the war years," she said.

ONE of her war jobs has been collecting National Savings money in her spare time, and she did all her collecting on her bicycle.

Mrs. Attlee is as charming, graceful, and serene as any chateau who has reigned at the home of Britain's leader.

She is chic and really pretty, with soft brown hair, clear blue eyes, and the figure and complexion of a girl in her twenties. Her secret for such youthfulness can be found in her active, happy life.

When the Prime Minister's wife wears uniform it is the navy-blue and white of a commandant in the V.A.D., and she wears it as trimly as she does her well-cut tweeds and simple, straight frocks, made on austerity lines.

No one would guess from her girlish appearance that she is the mother of a grown-up family, and it is not surprising that she is often taken for an elder sister of her own four children.

Mrs. Attlee has played an important part in helping to build up the Prime Minister's career.

From the time Clement Attlee went down to the East End for first-hand experience of the slums, his wife has been at his side.

She formed a welfare organisation to look after friendless girls in London, and she worked in and around Limehouse—Mr. Attlee's first and present constituency—where the Cockneys will tell you any number of stories of her sympathy and understanding of their problems and her practical approach to them.

Mrs. Attlee's days have been as busy as her husband's.

She has always had to manage her house herself, has done most of the work, including the family washing. Even now she has only a daily help, and in addition to collecting for National Savings, Aid for Rus-

sia Fund, and doing V.A.D. work she has to queue and carry home the shopping, dust, darn, and do all the cooking.

Mrs. Attlee rarely gets a holiday, but she doesn't grumble about that, and she has retained all her freshness and, best of all, her grand sense of fun.

"It hasn't been all honey," she told me, as she arranged flowers in their sitting-room.

"Being the wife of a politician is strenuous, but it's exciting, with lots of compensations, and I wouldn't have changed my lot for anyone's."

"I've always had the knowledge we were trying to achieve something and that has kept me going."

Double work

FOR many years the Attlees had the problem of making both ends meet.

That was until the Government raised the Leader of the Opposition's salary, which made a world of difference.

"I've no hobbies," Mrs. Attlee said. "I only wish I had time for some, but somehow or other I've never been able to make it. Just as the children grew up the war broke out. That meant double work, for I started keeping hens and growing our own vegetables. Now the European war is over and my husband's party in power I must brace myself for an even busier life."

The Stanmore house, a big, rambling one, was often shabby, and even to-day there are marks of wear and tear and all the signs of a house that has been filled with energetic people full of life and laughter.

Apart from Parliamentary salary, the Attlees have no other source of income, so the family have been brought up to know the value of money and educated to make their own way in the world.

"Housekeeping on a slender purse when the children were at school



CLEMENT ATTLEE, 62, Oxford graduate, Britain's new Labor Prime Minister.

was often tough," Mrs. Attlee said. "I need to be glad my husband had so many official luncheons and dinners to attend, then I could have my meals in the nursery with the children."

She added, "There were days, too, when he wouldn't think of wasting our money on a proper meal at the House of Commons, and he always travelled by tube."

Mr. Attlee is known to everyone as "Clem."

He likes to relax in open-necked shirt, and blue or grey sports clothes.

Mrs. Attlee always acts as her husband's chauffeur. A few years before the war she made a miraculous recovery from meningitis after her life had been despaired of.

Mr. and Mrs. Attlee have three daughters and a son, Martin, who at 17 is an apprentice in the Merchant Navy.

The family did not know where he was till a cable of congratulation arrived from Nova Scotia.

When the election results began to trickle in at a boarding-school at Salisbury, the Attlees' baby daughter, fifteen-year-old Alison, asked for leave and came up to London for a celebration tea with the father and mother and two elder sisters.

Alison wore her school uniform, but celebrated the Socialists' sweeping victory by donning a red tie.

Janet, the eldest Attlee girl, is a section-officer in the W.A.A.F., and 19-year-old Felicity is taking a course in day nursery work at the Rachel McMillan Training College in Kent.

When Alison arrived in town the three girls arranged a celebration tea-party in a private room at the Station Hotel, Paddington.



MRS. ATTLEE with Ting, the Welsh terrier, who will go to No. 10. A new kennel will be installed for him. (Radio pictures.)

It was the most exciting hour of their lives, Janet said. "We just couldn't realise all our dreams and ambitions were coming true."

"We never doubted Daddy would get in, but we hadn't hoped Labor would go in with such an overwhelming majority."

Make their bow

NONE of the Attlee girls have been presented at Court, but if the King and Queen decide to hold any Courts while the Attlees are still at No. 10 they are almost sure to make their bow to their Majesties at the first function.

The last debutante to have a season from No. 10 was Valerie Cole, niece of Mrs. Chamberlain, who assisted her aunt in entertaining.

The Attlee daughters, however,

are determined to continue their own independent careers.

Even schoolgirl Alison has quite made up her mind to follow her elder sister's example, and make her own way in the world.

Felicity is having a few days' leave from the Nursery College, and has become her mother's "aide," receiving the constant stream of callers, opening and answering hundreds of telegrams of congratulation, and helping pack up personal belongings ready for the move to No. 10.

The new Prime Minister has two sisters, Margaret and Mary.

Mary is a Church of England missionary in South Africa, and Margaret, who is a spinster, has devoted her life to bringing up the eight children of her dead sister, Dorothy Fletcher, who died 25 years ago.



Douglas Annand.

The next time you see Paris—

Suppose that you sit sipping coffee or an aperitif in the famous Café de la Paix. And suppose that you ask the beautifully groomed women, who pass by, the name of the maker of their favourite face powder. Most of them will tell you Roger and Gallet. For Roger and Gallet face powder is the most popular

powder in Paris. Their latest product is now available in N.S.W., Queensland and Tasmania. It is Blue Carnation Face Powder. Blue Carnation Face Powder is made from Roger and Gallet's exclusive formula by experts trained in their Paris laboratories. Ask for it at your chemist or store.

Roger & Gallet

BLUE CARNATION FACE POWDER

The Powder with the Paris Touch





MICHAEL CONNORS, who is a new member of the 2GB-Macquarie Quiz Kid team.

Quiz Kid team has new voice

One of the periodic changes in the personnel of the 2GB-Macquarie Quiz Kid team has taken place with the retirement of Bernard Lake and the selection of Michael Connors as his successor.

It is a rule of the Quiz Kid session that each member of the team must leave when 16 years old and Bernard has reached the retiring age.

MICHAEL is 13 years old, freckle-faced, and four feet eight inches high. He is a student at Christian Brothers College, Manly.

Last year in the annual inter-school examinations, held by Roman Catholic schools throughout the State, Michael gained top place with 663 marks out of a possible 1000.

Dorothy Revie, Alan Mitchell, and James Hagon, who are all veteran members of the Quiz team, are also achieving scholastic honors. Dorothy came top of the North Sydney Girls' High School last year. Alan Mitchell was dux of Sydney Boys' High School in his first, second, and third years, and he topped the half-yearly exams for the fourth year, with James Hagon running a close second.

The Quiz Kids first came on the air three years ago. They have been asked 3400 questions, of which they have answered 2556 correctly.

The Quiz Kids broadcast throughout Australia, and Sydney listeners hear the session from 2GB every Friday at 8 p.m.

Bernard Lake is now the youngest medical student at Sydney University. As a farewell gift his old Quizmaster John Deane presented him on behalf of the directors of 2GB-Macquarie with a diagnostic set to help in his future studies.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day, from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, August 8: Beg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, August 9 (from 4.30 to 4.45): The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau Session.

FRIDAY, August 10: The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Goodie Revue in 'Gems of Melody'."

SATURDAY, August 11: Goodie Revue presents "Radio Competitions, 'Melody Performances'."

SUNDAY, August 12 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, August 13: Goodie Revue's "Letters From the Services."

TUESDAY, August 14: Goodie Revue presents "Musical Quiz."

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 154-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"NANCY"—Spring suit in sandpaper flat crepe

This suit is definitely new, and has been fashioned in a most attractive sandpaper flat crepe in delightful shades of evening beige, broken-blue, new turquoise, rose-red, dusty-pink, sage-green and navy-blue. It is of medium weight, with a smooth finish, and falls into perfect line. Design chosen has all the new fashion points, with a high-lying neat neckline, pointed lapels, wide new shoulders, and long slim sleeves. Body of jacket is fitted with waist darts, and the two-piece skirt at hipline is quite new. The attractive flower motif, fashioned of self material, is placed on half-shoulder, half-sleeve position, and adds a delightful finishing touch. Jacket is unlined.

Skirt has eight gorse, slim and straight at the sides, and softly flared at back and front.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust. 70/72 (17 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust. 82/84 (17 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust. 55/56 (17 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust. 67/68 (17 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.



Fashion PATTERNS

F2915.—Outstanding cape ensemble. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds., 36in. wide, for blouse, 2½yds., 54in. wide, for cape and skirt. Pattern, 1/7.

F2917.—Greet spring in this sweet little frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds., 36in. wide, for skirt, and 1yd., 36in. wide, for bodice. Pattern, 1/7.

F2918.—Pretty summer floral that is softly feminine. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 629.—PRETTY FROCK FOR 1 TO 3-YEAR-OLDS.

The pattern of this sweet little frock is traced clearly on well-wearing gauze British cotton, in shades of sky-blue, dainty lemon, summer beige, and pale pink, and is ready to cut out and make up. The plain material is traced with an embroidery motif at neckline for working in shade or tone.

If floral is preferred, this ready-to-make frock may be had in an all-over British floral cotton, showing blue and pink tonings on a white background. No embroidery motif is shown on floral. Design is very dainty, with shaped neckline, shortuffed sleeves, shaped waistline outlined with self trim, and a fully gathered skirt.

In Plain Cotton: Sizes 2 to 4 years, 5/2 (3 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 5/11 (4 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 6/6 (5 coupons). Postage, 5/6d. extra.

In Floral Cotton: Sizes 2 to 4 years, 5/11 (3 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 6/4 (4 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 7/2 (5 coupons). Postage, 5/6d. extra.

No. 630.—BRIGHT POT-HOLDERS FOR YOUR KITCHEN

These dainty but durable pot-holders have been specially designed for you in a good size and each is stamped with embroidery motif of a different vegetable. The cloth is strong British cotton in pink, green, and lemon, and each holder is ready for you to work.

Set of three is priced at 2/11. Postage, 3/4d. extra.

* PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt dispatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * The box numbers given on this page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your order for fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under:
Box 385A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 180, G.P.O., Melbourne. Tasmania: Box 180, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 491C, G.P.O., Perth. Box 408SW, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z.: Box 408SW, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z.
Box 4009, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle. Readers use money orders only.
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.



LIVING IN MELBOURNE. Mrs. Alex Ryrie (left), formerly Margot Ascher, of Sydney, takes tea with Mrs. Henri Moquette at her St. Kilda Road flat in Melbourne. Mrs. Moquette was formerly Gloria Moore Cosgrave, daughter of Canadian Military Attache Col. Moore Cosgrave.



AUGUST BRIDE. "Frankie" King and her fiancé, Squadron-Leader Bob White, D.F.M., R.A.A.F., plan their marriage for August 18 at St. James' Church, Burwood. "Frankie," who is ex-Waait, is third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. King, of Burwood.



SOCIETY WEDDING. Sub-Lieut. Geoffrey Fairbairn, R.A.N.R., and his bride, formerly Rosamund Clifford, leave Christ Church, South Yarra, Melbourne, after ceremony. Rosamund is daughter of Hon. Lewis Clifford, of Yarra Brae, Wonga Park, and niece of Sir Bede Clifford, Governor of Trinidad. Couple are honeymooning at "Mt. Elephant" station of Mrs. J. V. Fairbairn at Derrinallum.



CELEBRATION. Squadron-Leader Bob Parkin, R.A.A.F., of Wellington, N.Z., who returns after more than four years overseas, celebrates with fiancée Lola Davis at pre-wedding and welcome home party. Couple plan marriage for this Saturday at St. Mary's.



WARATAH BUTTON DAY APPEAL. Miss Polly King (left) and Miss Marjorie Charlton sending out buttons for the Waratah Button Day Appeal, which will be held on August 17 in aid of Disabled Soldiers' Association and Kindergarten Union.



FAMOUS STAR admires our blossom. Gracie Fields and her husband, Monte Banks, snapped with almond blossom sent by an admirer. Gracie will say goodbye to Sydney audiences when she sings at an open-air matinee at the Sydney Showground this Saturday.

On and off DUTY.

WATCH enthralled while famous English conductor, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, wields slender white baton at Sydney Symphony concerts at Town Hall. Wonder how many in audience know interesting history of batons used by famous conductor.

Dr. Sargent tells me that batons, as is the case of so many things these days, are "hard to get." Learn they were originally made by leader of a Viennese orchestra, but when war came Dr. Sargent had to find another source for his supply. He found a London violin-maker, who copied the light-as-air batons in fine English birch, and lacquered them white. Some months ago, however, the violin-maker was bombed out and his supply of birch went up in flames.

"I usually get through 50 batons a year," says Dr. Sargent; "but I've only six left and I might have to recall some of my autographed ones," he says laughingly.

BELIEVE Mrs. L. V. Bartlett has made lots of lovely "bits" for super lucky dip, which will be part of the fun at the dinner-dance to be held at the Roosevelt this Sunday. Mrs. Bartlett, who is a member of the Frank Saywell Kindergarten, Moore Park—which will, incidentally, benefit from the dance—has been laid low with a sprained ankle, so she turned her hand to making her usual array of artistic gifts as her contribution to the evening.

CAN'T help admiring the male of the species when I see Mr. L. A. Scott, president of men's committee of Woolahra-Darling Point Red Cross branch, and several of his staunch helpers bravely balancing cups of tea on their laps at annual branch meeting at Masonic Hall, Double Bay. President of branch, Mrs. Milner Stephen, tells me approximately £18,000 raised for the year.

CHEERY luncheon given by members of Loyal Orange Institution of N.S.W. to celebrate centenary. Joint hostesses Mesdames E. Gray and E. George greet guests, who include members from Newcastle, Cumberland, and Illawarra Chapters. Institution plan colorful pageant at Town Hall on August 29, when they will have crowning ceremony for Queen Competition.

FUTURE home in Melbourne after the war for Corporal Leonard Mansergh, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Sergeant Rene McDonald, W.A.A.F. Couple, now honeymooning on Blue Mountains, were recently married at St. Matthew's, Manly.

INFORMAL PICTURE of Commodore John Collins snapped with his mother, Mrs. E. Collins, of Brighton, Victoria, before he left Melbourne to take up new appointment as Commodore commanding the Australian Naval Squadron.

AFTER friendship of five years, ACW Betty Keeling, W.A.A.F., announces engagement to Bombardier Noel Bayliss, A.I.F. Betty is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keeling, of Bondi, and Noel is eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Bayliss, of Hurstville.

GREAT excitement at welcome-home party for Captain Bob Porter, A.I.F., of Maitland, who returned to Sydney after more than four years as P.O.W. in Germany. Party, which was held at Plekwick Club, was given by Bob's sister, Mrs. Laurie Hawe, of Tumut, and attended by Bob's wife and all members of his family. A special welcome home cake was made by Bob's eldest sister, Mrs. E. Thorley.



BRIDE-TO-BE. Fellow law students hold pre-wedding tea in honor of Patricia Fuller Burdett, whose marriage to Lieut. Willem Moore, R.N.N., will take place at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, on August 12. Moira Englert (left), Mary Rich, Nora Fizaen, Patricia Fuller Burdett, Peggy Hickson, and Margaret Depotardi are photographed in group.



Movie World

● JANET BLAIR, rising young Irish-American star, was often referred to as the prettiest band singer in America, when she toured as crooner with Hal Kemp's orchestra. She is also quite an accomplished ballet-dancer. Her film career began in 1941,

and her most important film to date is "To-night and Every Night," a technicolor drama. Janet is married to Lieutenant Louis Bush, U.S. Army, and she is now making "Stars and Spurs" for Columbia, co-starring with young stage dancer Mark Platt.



1 **CONCERT** conducted by Jose Iturbi is interrupted by arrival of "Mike" (Margaret O'Brien) in search of sister Barbara, who is orchestra member.

Music for Millions



2 **WITH** orchestra girl friends, Barbara (June Allyson) takes "Mike" to her boarding-house, but they have to hide her in the harp crate, as landlady dislikes children.



3 **WORRY** for Barbara, whose husband is overseas, makes "Mike" confide in Iturbi and handyman Andrews (Durante).



4 **NEWS** that Barbara's husband is missing is kept from her by "Mike" and orchestra.



5 **SOON** Barbara guesses the news, but she promises "Mike" she won't worry, as she is sure everything will be all right.



6 **WHEN** the orchestra goes to give a camp concert, "Mike" is an honored guest and sits with the soldiers. She is thrilled when by mistake Andrews is allowed to give a piano solo and is a huge success.

Buy
War Saving
Certificates



RATIONING AT ITS BEST

Horrockses are in battle dress these days. It's standard cloths for all of us till the war is ended, but the Horrockses standard still remains on top. Horrockses flannelette is still softest and strongest; Horrockses sheets and pillowcases the most durable on the market.

When the war finishes *all* the Horrockses lines will return — as perfect in quality as ever.

Horrockses

Flannelette

MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH



7 **LATER** at the hospital "Mike" and Andrews hear that Barbara has a son and her husband is safe. They hurry to tell the orchestra.

Wartime story of orchestra

"**MUSIC** for Millions," MGM musical, starring Margaret O'Brien and June Allyson, shows the life of women members of a wartime symphony orchestra. Pigtailed eight-year-old Margaret is the highest paid child in movies. When she is out of school her pet companion is her spaniel Maggie, who submits patiently to being dressed up in weird bonnets and long frocks. Away from films Margaret can't be cured of pushing her hat on to the side of her head.

Don't Endure Slipping FALSE TEETH

Do your false teeth drop or slip when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed a minute longer. **FASTEETH**, a new powder to sprinkle on your plates, keeps teeth firm. Gives fine feeling of security and comfort. No gummy, gooeey, pasty taste. Get **FASTEETH** to-day at any chemist.

Color Harmony
Make-up
for the Stars...
and You



Max Factor
HOLLYWOOD
LONDON

Representatives for Australia:
FRED C. JAMES & GEO. H. ANDERSON
Box 3962 V, G.P.O., SYDNEY

She has that something EXTRA



Win extra grooming — extra youth — extra beauty and health for your hair... through Nupur Hair Dyes. Twenty-one lovely undetectable shades at chemists, stores and beauty salons.



FORD... A POWER TO AUSTRALIA

The first reliable, low-cost motor vehicles were built by Ford. Those vehicles played an important part in the development of Australia. They opened up new areas, carried mails, worked on outback constructions, speeded communications in town and country... they set a standard of efficiency for all motor transport. Ford leadership then, in dependability and value, has continued through the years, with a series of finer, more beautiful, bigger and more powerful cars, trucks and utilities.

Since its establishment 20 years ago, Ford-Australia has specialised in supplying vehicles suited to a wide range of local needs. During the war years, the Ford factories have been converted to the manufacture of landing craft, ships, mines, machine tools and many other war items. When those widespread resources can again be turned to peace-time production, Ford will be still better equipped to supply modern, dependable, better-value vehicles for Australia's great post-war advancement.



LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR FUTURE FORD

FORD V-8 CARS... TRUCKS AND
UTILITIES... MERCURY CARS

FORD

PREFECT 10 H.P. CARS AND
UTILITIES... ANGLIA 8 H.P.

Did YOU have EGGS this morning?

While you can't get eggs, other people are sitting down to as many as they want! Fresh, golden-yolked eggs that would make your mouth water... fried, poached, or boiled.

How do they do it? They just dip into their supply of the eggs they PRESERVE when eggs were plentiful last September, October, November, and December.

Hens will be busy again this year during those months. There will be plenty of eggs. So DON'T MISS OUT THIS TIME! Get some KE-PEG and make sure of fresh eggs—right through next winter.

KE-PEG takes over where the hen leaves off. It seals each egg and keeps it fresh until you need it. A one-ounce jar of KE-PEG will preserve up to 25 dozen eggs. Costs less than 1d. per dozen. Get KE-PEG at any grocer's or chain store.

**KE-PEG this Spring—
FRESH EGGS next Winter**

WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others. Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months.

MIDENE

How to escape 'flu

- 1 Avoid as far as possible all places where 'flu germs are likely to be; crowded trains, trains or buses; public meeting places; warm, stuffy rooms.
- 2 Be careful of close contact with others; beware of all coughers and sneezers; breathe through the nose; avoid draughts and chills and overheated baths.
- 3 Get lots of rest. Take plenty of orange and lemon drinks. Keep the bowels open.
- 4 Avoid catching colds. Any cold may be the forerunner of 'flu. At the first sign of a cold, take two genuine quick-acting Bayer's Aspirin Tablets and you can ward it off. If you develop a sore throat, gargle with Bayer's Aspirin dissolved in water. This will relieve soreness and rawness.
- 5 If you have any reason to suspect even a touch of 'flu, remain in bed and call your doctor.

Bayer's Aspirin Tablets are manufactured by a special process which ensures quick disintegration and speedy action, action so swift that Bayer's Aspirin sets to work to relieve pain almost the instant you take it.

Bottle of 24, 1/3. Bottle of 100, 4/-.

3091A

For your
post-war
Shopping List



**CROSSE &
BLACKWELL'S**
Scotch Herrings • Scotch
Herrings in Tomato •
Scotch Kipperd Herrings

Unexcelled since 1706

Agents:
S. Parker Wood, Sydney.
D. & J. Fowler, Adelaide & Fremantle.



Memory of horrors destroys sailor's sympathy

Old men and women trudging along German roads, wheeling all their possessions, stir the sympathy of an Australian seaman, but he cannot forget the horrors he has seen in Nazi-occupied countries.

He tells of these alternating thoughts in a letter home.

Lieut. M. Batterham, R.A.N.V.R., in Homburg, Germany, writes to his wife at 21 Laburnum St., Brighton, Vic.:

"I HAVE started to feel sympathy toward some of the older people trudging along the roadways for miles with all their worldly possessions in a pram, barrow, or packing-case on wheels.

"Sometimes what looks like a moving heap of bundles reveals, when one gets close enough, some old man or woman underneath the heap, with back bent double with the load.

"I think 'You poor devils, and feel tempted to stop and give them a lift; but a few miles farther on I see row after row of small white wooden crosses on the graves of chaps who may have been some of my own friends.

"Then I look at the German children, fat and well-fed, who bring

back the memory of the starved, skin-and-bone children of Holland and Belgium with that terrible haunted look in their eyes.

"This wipes out all feelings of sympathy, and I am more inclined to add extra weight to their backs for retaliation.

"I know some say it is wrong to

TERRENCE O'SHEA, who had forgotten all about Sylvester, flinched, and gripped hard on the control wheel. From the corner of his eye he watched the face of Tiger Eye Appleby go through all manner of strange contortions.

"Are you responsible for this—this animal being in this aircraft?" shrieked Tiger Eye Appleby.

"I—I'm afraid so, sir."

"You nincompoop! You rattle-brained, needle-headed idiot! You—

you!"

Tiger Eye groped frantically for some further epithet, but words failed him. So strained was the atmosphere within the control cockpit that Terrence O'Shea almost welcomed the diversion when the port motor started coughing. Split seconds later, however, the starboard motor developed the same disorder. Then both motors sighed in harmony and died completely.

With tense face the wireless man leaned over his equipment and started tapping out a call for help. Standing at his elbow, the navigator briskly gave him the aircraft's position as it hummed down on the long glide to the sea.

Terrence O'Shea scanned the ocean anxiously. Luckily, it was comparatively calm.

The wireless man squeezed into the control cockpit.

"I believe I've contacted one of the other aircraft," he reported.

"Good!" said Tiger Eye Appleby. "We'll be safe for a while if the sea stays calm."

With steady hand Terrence O'Shea straightened out the big Canso's glide for a dead-stick landing. His morale would have been higher had it not been for the withering glances which Tiger Eye Appleby occasionally shot in his direction. At last the hull of the Canso spanked the sea. A few moments later she was on the surface. Immediately the flight engineer clambered through the hatchway and out to the wing to examine the port motor.

Tiger Eye Appleby rose from his seat.

At this point Sylvester, displaying mild curiosity, leisurely wandered between their legs and started sniffing under the instrument panel.

"Get that blasted four-footed hoodoo out of my sight before I completely lose my self-control!" bellowed Tiger Eye Appleby.

It was while this was going on that something ailed through the gentle swells a few hundred yards behind the Canso. The periscope of a submarine, trailing its thin white feather of spray, focused upon the helpless aircraft. The flight engineer, intent upon his work, spotted it.

"Sub!" he yelled, sliding down through the hatch. "There's a sub just surfaced astern of us!"

SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2/6 stamp to EXAMINATION CHART to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 271-8 Collins St., Melb., C.I. FREE.

bear malice; but I am afraid the only treatment for people who have made what were once human beings just masses of walking bone and skin is the law of an eye for an eye.

"Thank heaven my family is in a country where it cannot witness things that will remain shut up in my mind for always.

"The attitude of the people here is one of sullen hostility, but if you raise your fist to them they cringe.

"I cannot find any sympathy in my heart for people who want to cringe and crawl when your eye is on them, and then spit at you when they think you are not looking."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the Fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

Sylvester D.F.C.

Continued from page 5

"This completes the picture!" exclaimed Tiger Eye Appleby. He turned to O'Shea as he charged up the hatch. "I knew it, you thick-skulled half-wit, I knew it!"

One of the crew raced for his gun in the rear blister. Seconds later it was chattering, but a gust of wind swung the aircraft round into a position where he could no longer bring the gun to bear on the sub effectively. At the same time a shell from the U-boat's deck gun whistled over the Canso.

"Hold your fire," ordered Tiger Eye Appleby. "They've got us out-ranged fifty to one, and if we keep peppering them with that pea-shooter they'll blow us to kingdom come with their deck gun."

The sub appeared to be one of the long-range craft. The Germans were launching a boat from what seemed to be a well in the deck. One man took his place in the bow and another started to row. When they had approached within hailing distance the German in the bow, an officer, raised a megaphone and shouted to them in English.

"If you open fire," he warned, "my gunners will destroy you."



SHOE-SHINE. Cpl. Amy Millgate, A.W.A.S., in New Guinea, puts a little extra energy into her shoe-cleaning. Sent in by Mrs. Catchpole, 34 Garfield St., Fremantle, N.S.W.

When the boat had come alongside the Canso the officer arose, smiling broadly, and holding an automatic in his right hand.

"This," he said in slow and precise English, "is a rare pleasure, my friends. You will please assemble at the forward hatch. I warn you not to try tricks."

Tiger Eye was already out of the machine.

"You, I presume, are in charge of this aircraft," said the German.

"You can presume anything you want to presume," he growled.

"Allow me, then, to introduce myself," said the officer, waving the muzzle of his automatic in the general direction of Tiger Eye's moustache. "I am Commander Rudolf Essing. I assure you that I don't generally join my boarding parties, and that I am paying you a very special courtesy."

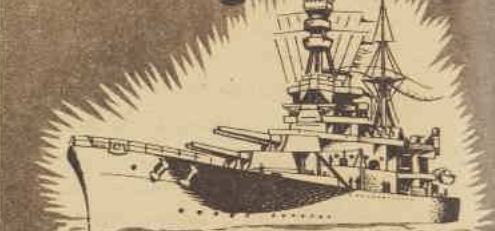
"You can be sure," said Tiger Eye, "that our coastal patrols will be appreciative."

Herr Essing shrugged.

"Step aside, please," he said.

Please turn to page 29

British Chief



THE SMART COTTON FABRIC
THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS

No Need to Wear Glasses...

IF YOU SUFFER FROM

Shortsight, Longsight, Astigmatism, FAULING SIGHT, SQUINT, TURNED EYES, STRAINED, TIRED EYES, EYE HEADACHES OR ANY OTHER EYE WEARINESS

(except Diseased eyes) you owe it to yourself to investigate Eysight Training, which treats the cause and not the effect of these eye troubles. Men, women and children of all ages, from 5 to 75, have come to see me, worried and fearful about their eyes, and have gone away relieved and hopeful again. I have helped hundreds of people to perfect eyesight again without the necessity for wearing glasses. These include lads about to enter the Air Force, Sailors and Soldiers, Women for the Services, Engine Drivers, Chauffeurs, Policemen, Quin, women and



children from all ranks and conditions of life and all callings. People whose living depends upon their eyes. No matter what your age, if this makes you say to yourself, "That's me!" or write (including 2/6d. stamp in postage) for full information and my Free Booklet, "Better Natural Sight Without Wearing Glasses" (composition is Free) to EYSIGHT TRAINING (Perquang System), MANCHESTER UNITED BUILDING, 105 Elizabeth St., Sydney, N.S.W. 543455. And at all Floor Union Bank Chambers, The Causeway, 300 L. Collins St. (Causeway to France), Melbourne, Vic. Cent. 2423.

What's on your mind?

Plan to patch up broken marriages

AT no other time has the rocky road to love so much needed smoothing out as in these days of enforced marital separations.

The American Institute of Family Relations is an institution we would do well to emulate in each State in Australia.

In this organisation carefully selected men and women with experience and personality are chosen to handle the delicate problem of unhappy marriages.

Too often the personal grievance between husband and wife blinds them to the more logical outlook, and a sympathetic and qualified third party can help.

Young people are prone to magnify mutual faults before time has given them the understanding necessary on domestic problems.

Write to Mrs. J. M. Sperber, 7 White St., Highgate, S.A.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 150 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Ready-to-knit wool

WHY is it that baby wool is wound into balls ready to knit, and other wools are not?

It would save so much time for busy knitters if all wool was sold in balls.

This should be very easy to rectify. Here's hoping!

Write to Mrs. Audrey Porter, 16 McCulloch St., Russell-Lea, Sydney.

Maximum prices

SHOPKEEPERS invariably charge maximum fixed prices, no matter what quality the goods.

For instance, inferior dates sell at the fixed maximum price of 1/6 lb., and yet best quality dates are the same price.

This applies also to choice and inferior fruits.

This is something the average housekeeper cannot comprehend.

Write to Mrs. V. Short, 42 Canberra St., St. Marys, N.S.W.

Diphtheria immunisation

IT is amazing the number of people who still do not believe in the immunisation of children against diphtheria.

I suggest that immunisation be compulsory, and that unwilling parents be taken to the infectious wards of our public hospitals.

Perhaps the sight of a child gasping for its breath in a steam tent would convince them of the importance of immunisation.

Write to Mrs. A. Darlington, 32 Waratah St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

Educational

MANY people complain of the harm films do to children's minds without assessing the great educational value of some pictures.

In going to films children are much broadened by seeing how the rest of the world lives.

Mothers can certainly pick programmes for their children, but let us have fewer criticisms of the so-called "evils" of films.

Write to Lynette Andersen, Box 104, P.O., Bundaberg, Qld.

Longer beds

WHEN are furniture manufacturers going to lengthen beds?

To the six-footer and over, the average bed is much too small.

As a result the occupant of the bed has either to sleep with his knees bent up in an uncomfortable



position, or to sleep with his feet hanging out of the bed.

Another foot added to the average bed would make much more comfortable sleeping for our he-men.

Write to Mrs. F. Creelman, 2 Dickens St., St. Kilda, Vic.

If you suffer from SORE THROAT

Here's how to stop that tickle in your throat, and soothe the raw, inflamed membranes! Let half a teaspoonful of 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly melt on your tongue. It soothes throat membranes, relieves the hoarseness. Use 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly, too, to help guard against sore throat. Keep the delicate tissues coated with the 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly.



Your Dog
If your dog's head is dull or itchy—
if he is itchy or won't eat—give
him BARKO Condition Powder.
Lathering in with BARKO
Condition Powder and
apply BARKO Skin
Lotion to affected parts.

Continuing . . . Sylvester D.F.C.

from page 28

TIGER EYE APPEARED began to mutter and shove out his chin as Herr Essing prepared to come aboard the Canso. But before the U-boat slipper could transfer his bulky form from the boat to the plane he was interrupted by a sound that electrified everyone. It was the even beat of aircraft motors.

Herr Essing jerked a thumb in the direction of the boat.

"Get in," he ordered. "Quick."

One by one the Canso's crew started to slide from the aircraft into the boat.

"Faster," said Herr Essing, "or I leave you here dead men!"

Third to come aboard was Terrence O'Shea, who had emerged

from the hatchway carrying a small duffle bag.

"You—the three of you—that will be enough," said the sub commander. "I warn you against trying to upset this boat. The first man to try it I will shoot."

Responding to a torrent of German, the sailor began to row vigorously. Aboard the sub, which now lay some distance away, there was a flurry of activity. Glancing toward Terrence O'Shea, Herr Essing saw for the first time the bag he carefully nursed in his lap.

"I will take that!" he snapped suspiciously.

Seizing the bag, he opened it and peered inside.

It was then that things began to

happen with startling speed. Out of the bag like a streak of chain lightning came a large and terrified tomcat. With a blood-curdling yowl Sylvester hit Herr Essing just below the collar-line.

"Gott in Himmel!" cried Herr Essing, throwing up his hands and promptly overturning the boat.

From the U-boat came a chorus of frenzied yells and shouts. While Herr Essing, his boarding party and his prisoners floundered about in the water, the rest of the U-boat's crew hopped round in wild confusion. When they finally decided to dive for safety, it was plain that they had waited too long. Before the U-boat's decks were awash a second Canso was whistling in for the kill.

A few hundred yards away, clustered round the overturned boat, Herr Essing and his former prisoners watched the sub crew abandon their craft.

Straddling the keel of the boat, looking very wet and very bored, was Sylvester. Herr Essing eyed him balefully.

Sylvester looked at Herr Essing and winked. He then ignored him and began to lick his paw.

As the rescuing Canso winged homeward, Terrence O'Shea sat in the cabin with both eyes on Herr Essing. With his left hand he scratched the ear of Sylvester. In his right hand he held a Service revolver which was pointed in the direction of the U-boat commander's midriff. Seated a short distance along the cabin was Group-Captain J. V. D. Appleby, examining with great interest some papers removed from Herr Essing.

Tired of having his ear scratched, Sylvester stretched, yawned, and proceeded to pick his way carefully down the cabin in the direction of Tiger Eye Appleby. Terrence motioned him back with frantic gestures. Ignoring him, Sylvester hopped into Tiger Eye's lap, landing squarely in his pile of papers.

He then looked full into Group-Captain Appleby's face and winked. Group-Captain Appleby returned his gaze for a moment and then winked back at him. "The Distinguished Flying Cat," he said as he scratched Sylvester gently.

This was born a beautiful friendship.

(Copyright)

Every Woman!

"Coverspot"
Conceals Blemishes

AMAZING NEW METHODS MAKE HOME DRESSMAKING as Simple as A.B.C.

Save Precious Coupons . . . Save Money!

Every woman or girl can now be well and smartly dressed in spite of high prices and coupons.

The Ross Hynes New Simplified System has completely revolutionised practical Home Dressmaking, enabling you simply, easily and quickly to make your own clothes, in all the smartest styles. This amazing system teaches you in your own home in a few weeks by latest short-cut methods how to measure, cut, design and make practically all clothes with professional finish for yourself and your family. It tells you everything.

SUCCESS IS GUARANTEED: It does not matter if you have "never sewn a stitch"—you cannot fail to achieve astonishing progress. Old-fashioned tedious methods have been swept aside. Step by step with ease and confidence you are shown the professional secrets of all branches of practical dressmaking. You cannot make a mistake. Never before has such an astounding opportunity been offered you.

A £5-5-0 COURSE IN HOME DRESSMAKING 15/-
in permanent book form for only
No further payments

This modern course contains 160 illustrations, and all the essential instruction of the famous Ross Hynes £5/5/- postal course.

BELOW ARE SOME OF THE LESSONS TAUGHT

Planning your own patterns—Odd sizes—Secrets of expert cutting—Modern Methods—FULL LESSONS AND DIAGRAMS ON HOW TO CUT AND MAKE—Coat and jumper suit—Evening gowns—Tailored top coat—Two-piece skirt—Six-gore skirt—Underlips and underwear—House coats—Pyjamas for women, men and children—Sports blouse—Blacks—Shorts, etc., etc. MODERN RENOVATING—New garments for old—Full illustrated instructions—Children's clothes—Babies' frocks—Rompers, etc.—Children's frocks—Petticoats—Bloomers—School tunic—Boys' pants, etc., etc.—Secrets of putting together—Setting sleeves and collars—Plackets and openings—Alterations—Shirring, Hecycombing—Lining—Buttonholes—Padding—Tucking—Basting—Patch, jantied lap and welt pockets—Secrets of perfect fit and hang—Personality in clothes—Secrets of professional finish—Professional secrets revealed, etc., etc.—How to make French seams, run and fell seam, also flat seam, etc., etc.—How to fit the garments—How to correct defects, etc.

FREE ADVICE SERVICE—equal to personal tuition

Nothing has been held back. This course reveals all the secrets of professional dressmaking. But as well as that, it carries a FREE ADVISORY SERVICE. At any time, and on any point mentioned in the book, you may write to the Ross Hynes College, Sydney, and will receive a prompt and full reply just as you would in a class.

FREE MASTER FOUNDATION PATTERN —if you order NOW

The Master Foundation Pattern enables you to cut your own paper patterns in any style and in 15 different sizes. It is the most astounding invention that has ever come to dressmaking. By ordering your course of the "New Dressmaker" now you will receive this Master Foundation Pattern absolutely free.

POST THIS COUPON IMMEDIATELY!

SERVICE DEPT., Ross Hynes College, "Home Dressmaker," Suite 604, Manchester Unity Building, 185 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

Dear Sir, Please send me, under your money-back guarantee, the complete and fully illustrated Ross Hynes "New Dressmaker" Course, together with Free Master Foundation Pattern, and enrol me so that I may participate in your After Advice Service without cost. I enclose 15/-, the complete cost of this course.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS.

(If more convenient, you may send 21 and 5/- change will be returned to you. Safe delivery is guaranteed.)

WW 11/8/45

Model-Yu DRESS FORM

16/- AT ALL LEADING STORES

STAND FOR MOUNTING (OPTIONAL) 9/11 EXTRA





You could see what was happening without leaving your bed — if only your flashlight worked.



You wouldn't be uneasy in the back garden at night — if only your flashlight always worked.



Is your street dark? Every shadow wouldn't worry you if only your flashlight always worked.



Spider in that dark pantry? Don't grope in the dark. You could see if only that flashlight worked.



Don't get caught in the **DARK**

You found that flashlight handy in the black-outs didn't you? So, don't ever get caught in the dark again. Put fresh Eveready dated batteries in your flashlight. *And when we say fresh, we mean fresh.* Because every Eveready No. 950 flashlight battery has a dateline that clearly tells you that the battery is fresh. Fresh batteries always last the longest. So,

always look for the dateline on Eveready No. 950 batteries.

You've seen these datelines on other things before this, haven't you? Such as flower seed packets, for instance. But it's far more important to see a dateline on your flashlight battery, because your safety — your comfort — your peace of mind — depend on the battery in your flashlight.

LOOK

FOR

THE DATE-LINE



EVEREADY

THE ONLY
FLASHLIGHT BATTERY
TO CARRY A
DATE-LINE

New home reflects old-world charm

• Some like modern, others lean to period style, or decorative schemes that savor of old-world charm like this the newly furnished home of Hollywood actress Laraine Day.



THE DINING-ROOM in Miss Day's home is a twelve-foot circle. The walls and ceiling are covered with white wallpaper, with deep red roses matching exactly the chintz draperies. Laraine graces the table with massed poinsettia.



ONE SECTION of the living-room, which measures 18 feet by 18, shows the wood panelling which covers all of its four walls and the beamed ceiling. The overstuffed sofas are covered with yellow chenille fabric; it also frames windows.



GLIMPSE OF A COSY CORNER in living-room showing a "cuddle seat," which is a cross between an armchair and a love seat. Large ottoman adds to its comfort. Note floor-to-ceiling window.



AN OUTSIZE BED, seven feet by eight, dominates the bedroom. Its frame, as well as the window cornices, furniture, and picture frames, is made of walnut. Three shades of blue and dark red are used for the color scheme.



A NARROW HALLWAY between the living-room and master bedroom was converted into a small writing-room. The valance and draperies are made of the checked red-and-white chintz, carpet is chartreuse. Many of the accessories in this room, as well as the rest of the house, are made of copper, many of them antiques.

I KEEP FIT -and so can you!

Take Beecham's Pills regularly... that's the natural way to a clear, healthy complexion, bright eyes and a happy disposition. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable.

1/- and 2/6 per box.

WITH
Beecham's Pills
WORTH A GUINEA
A BOX



Miss Precious Minutes says:

REMOVE burnt marks from plates caused by overheating in the oven with moist common salt and a cork.

WASH chamois leather gloves so that the fingers don't dry in a rather shrivelled condition: Put a wooden clothes-peg in each finger and thumb when the gloves are hung to dry. This will keep them in really good shape.

POTATOES will cook much quicker if you cut them into long strips. Try this next time dinner is running late.

QUICK and easy... Peas retain their vitamins and taste much nicer if they are cooked in their shells. Stir them while they are cooking; strain, remove shells.

DO you ever find that your vases become stained inside? If so fill them with cold tea-leaves, let stand for a few minutes, then rinse with warm water.

DON'T throw apple-peel away. Look round first and see if you have any brass or copper that is stained with verdigris. Rub the peel on the stains and they should vanish.

The Extra charm of



BLONDE hair!

Blonde hair is different. It is distinctive. It gives you extra personality—charm—allure. It lifts you out of the crowd. Never sacrifice this—your natural advantage. Never let your blonde hair darken.

STA-BLOND THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

Keep it fair always with Sta-blond. And if your hair has darkened, Sta-blond will bring back its glorious golden sparkle and with it will come back lost fascination, beauty and appeal. For Sta-blond is made specially for Blondes—it succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail.

OLD-FASHIONED PEOPLE

like old-fashioned homes
Crowned with superfluous turrets and domes.
Though they abandon the useless at last,
Sentiment sanctifies things of the past.
Old-fashioned people have old-fashioned ways.
Memory links them to old-fashioned days.
But for the bronchial complaints they endure,
All prefer Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

BUBBLES





When you dress up simple dishes with HEINZ '57' Beefsteak Sauce or HEINZ Tomato Sauce, you give them a savoury flavour obtainable in no other way. Both of these delicious sauces are equally versatile as table condiments and as cooking aids. Use them frequently. Shops have stocks.

SAVOURY FLAVOURS *to delight the whole family*



"I find that HEINZ Tomato Sauce gives a really spicy touch to gravies. . . I use it frequently now, and not only does it simplify gravy making but the family are delighted with the change, in fact if I don't use it they want to know the reason why."



"Gosh, I go for '57' Sauce in a big way — stews and casseroles get my vote when Mother flavours them with HEINZ Beefsteak Sauce. Dad joshes me about hollow legs but I notice he isn't so far behind on double helpings himself."



"I'm taking cooking lessons and one thing they teach is to bring out flavour — well, the quick, easy answer to that, is choose a good sauce and use it wisely. For fish and cheese dishes, I add just a touch of '57' Beefsteak Sauce; for meat dishes, casseroles, stews and left-overs, I use it more liberally."



"I like food to be tasty — that's why my wife serves HEINZ '57' Beefsteak Sauce when we have hamburgers — a favourite of mine. It's fine too — just a touch — on rarebits and, if you enjoy sea foods as much as I do, you should see that the Beefsteak Sauce is always handy."



THIS PRE-WAR LABEL WILL RETURN



"When I get leave, I make for home at the double — I wire the family and they know I'm looking forward to a really tender steak lightly smeared with HEINZ '57' Beefsteak Sauce before grilling, to give it that touch which, when Mother does the cooking, just works flavour miracles in our kitchen. It's my favourite condiment."



THIS PRE-WAR LABEL WILL RETURN



Easy on the Ration Book

SOME shortages have made us perhaps more conscious of food values and correct methods of cooking.

Not such a bad thing after all.

Australia has always had the best food but not always the best cooks in the world.

Here's some contriving that may be as good for the culinary skill as for the soul.

EASE UP ON THE BUTTER

But let the family really taste it occasionally.

Here's how:—

Serve it mainly for breakfast and salad meals, and seldom on the dinner table.

Buy a butter curler if you haven't one already, and scrape wafer curls for table service . . . it looks good and goes farther.

Soften slightly, even when curled, before serving on table.

Alternative spread. Always have one on the table . . . jam, jelly or marmalade, honey or treacle, peanut butter, apple butter or cheese spread. Only one spread at a time, please.

Serve gravy and sauces with dinners. Who wants butter with bread and gravy?

Cream cheese, made at home or bought round the corner, is a fine spread with salad rolls or with dinner dessert. Butter not missed here.

French toast for breakfast, milk-soaked and fried . . . sprinkle with spice and brown sugar, or top with apple jelly. No butter this morning.

On vegetables, butter gives the gourmet finish, the right touch. Use when possible. Try as a substitute

a little salad oil or carefully saved bacon dripping, or mock hollandaise sauce, or a dressing of lemon juice and mustard.

Extend sandwich butter by creaming it with milk or unsweetened custard, or with gelatine dissolved in milk. Soften 1 lb. butter over hot water (don't melt) and beat, gradually adding $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk to which has been added $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon water and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Soft sandwich fillings, such as cheese spread, egg filling, peanut butter, minced meat with salad dressing, do not require butter spread.

Make the most of lard, meat dripping, margarine, and salad oil in cooking. Use them for greasing oven trays, for frying and sautéing. Use for cakes, cookies, and pastries, counteracting fatty flavor by using lemon juice and vinegar.

Use margarine in sauces, flavoring with essences or herbs.

Honey and golden syrup keep butterless breads and cakes moist.

Guard against any waste by removing from paper before using, scraping paper and scraping service-dish.

Store in covered container in refrigerator or coldest possible place. Store away from foods of strong flavor and aroma.

● A little bit of scheming here and clever cooking there and our menus are adequate, delicious . . . Instance pickle-topped hamburger loaf above served with hot orange slices, beans, and cauliflower smothered in creamy sauce.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

EXTEND MEAT FLAVOR

It's the palatability of meat and longer feeling of satisfaction it gives that make it a daily "must" on the menu. The quantity available is quite safe nutritionally.

Cope with ration points this way: Learn to know and to use all cuts. There are satisfying and appetizing ways of serving breast of veal, mutton flaps, neck chops, chuck steak, shank meat, and other often despised cuts.

Study the use of the low-coupon meats, and buy at least once a week. There is a wide variety possible in preparing casseroles of these cheaper, tougher cuts.

Use a non-rationed meat at least once a week. Liver, kidney, tripe, sausages are not rationed.

Buy enough of a large cut to serve two or more meals.

Remember slow roasting causes less shrinkage, and so results in more slices from the roast joint.

Plan one meatless day a week, serving satisfying vegetable pies or macaroni dishes.

A little meat goes a long way in a stew with vegetables.

Try the addition of spaghetti or macaroni in a meat casserole.

Dumplings may be steamed on a casserole or the lid removed and some dough baked over the stewed meat.

Meat pies require little meat; stew

meat until tender, extend with thickened gravy and vegetables before topping with pastry.

Many more servings obtained from meat loaves or hash when bread-crumbs are added.

Extend meat for salads by moulding in savory jelly.

RATION-SAVING RECIPE SHORTS

Liver in Sauce Mexicana.—Slice calf liver thinly and lightly brown with sliced onion in a little salad oil or dripping. Add flour to absorb fat, season well, and add tomato juice or puree. Cover and simmer 15 minutes.

Hamburger Loaf.—Pound 1 lb. finely minced steak with $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt. Bake in greased loaf-tin in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 45 minutes. Baste several times during cooking with a little hot stock. Serve hot with hot chutney or pickles, white or brown sauce and vegetables.

Browned Sausages with Baked Apples, Corn Griddlecakes, and Creamed Onions.—Flour sausages and bake in hot fat with cored apples in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Boil onions whole and beat into smooth white sauce, well seasoned. Make a thick batter with 4 tablespoons self-raising

flour, 1 tablespoon salad oil or melted dripping, beaten egg and little milk. Add 1 cup cooked corn, stripped from cob. Cook in spoonfuls in heavy greased pan. Serve all very hot.

Dixie Cream Pie.—Mix 1 cup shredded cooked chicken or rabbit, 1 cup diced celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley with $\frac{1}{2}$ cups white sauce. Top with a very soft crust made by mixing 4 tablespoons self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 25 minutes. Serve hot.

Piquant Dressing for Hot Vegetables or Grilled Meat.—Mix 2 tablespoons lemon juice with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard. Slowly beat in 6 tablespoons salad oil, 1 teaspoon minced onion or chives, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Heat over boiling water, beating well.

Peter Pan Cookies.—Sift 4 tablespoons self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon spice. Rub in 1 tablespoon dripping and add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind and squeeze of lemon juice. Stir in a beaten egg, 2 tablespoons honey, and about 1 tablespoon milk, just enough to mix to stiff dough. Place in spoonfuls on greased tray and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) about 15 minutes. Brush with honey while hot.

Marmalade Pudding.—Rub 1 tablespoon dripping into 4 tablespoons sifted flour. Add 1 tablespoon brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed spice, and 13 tablespoons marmalade. Stir in beaten egg and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate soda in 1 cup milk. Steam in covered basin 13 hours.

World's Most Worried Man

That, at any rate, is how he described himself. He has been worrying for ten years. His health is impaired. He catches "anything that's going." He is pessimistic, thoroughly "down."

His case is a salutary example of the evils of constipation aggravated by incessant purging.

When I mentioned purging he was irritated. "But what else can I do? 'Eat roughage'? Take more exercise? Drink more water? I've done all that. Perhaps," he added sourly, "you'll advise me to drink milk now?"

"Well," I said, "that's exactly what I do advise—so long as you put a tablespoonful of Bonax in it."

Constipation usually has a simple cause—intestinal muscles started into a weak state. Doctors have learned that intestinal health depends on an element now known as Vitamin B. A century ago even the poorest diet supplied sufficient of this, to-day even the richest doesn't. It is eliminated from our over-refined modern foods.

Happily Bonax restores this vital element to one's diet. This pleasant food is the richest natural source of Vitamin B₁. In my own case a daily tablespoonful has completely banished life-long constipation. In addition, it has given me and my family such remarkable health that we rarely catch colds or other ills.

Bonax is obtainable from Chemists and Stores. The 3/6 tin lasts a month.

For a free copy of "Vitamins and Health" send a card to B. Max (Dept. B), P.O. Box 347988, Sydney.

A product of Vitamins Ltd., London.

FOUR DELICIOUS DISHES

● A new shortbread wins main prize in this week's recipe contest.

THE peanut-butter shortbread disappeared very quickly after testing in our testing and research kitchen.

It's right for afternoon or as a luxury extra for the lunch-box.

Mrs. Taylor tells us that she exchanges recipes with a Canadian friend; she has found this braised short rib with barbecue sauce a super success.

PEANUT-BUTTER SHORTBREAD

One cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons peanut butter, 1 cup cake margarine or other shortening, squeeze of lemon juice, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg.

Cream shortening and sugar well and add egg, beating until light and fluffy. Add flour and mix until smooth. Put in greased tin (8in. sandwich-tin is suitable); mark into sections and bake in moderate oven for 20 to 25 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Daley, 65 Garfield St., Wentworthville, N.S.W.



SOUP SORCERY practised by Frances Gifford, MGM star. Subtle use of seasonings is the secret. Sometimes finely grated cheese is used, sometimes nutmeg, or grated orange rind.

SHORT RIBS OF BEEF WITH BARBECUE SAUCE

Two pounds short ribs of beef, 2 level tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper and paprika (if available), 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 onion, 1 cup vinegar, 2 level tablespoons brown sugar, 1 cup chili sauce or 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce with 1 cup tomato ketchup, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 cup diced celery.

Have ribs cut into 3in. pieces. Combine flour, salt, pepper and paprika and rub on meat. Sear the ribs in the heated fat and also lightly brown chopped onion. Place ribs in casserole. Add other ingredients to the onion, bring to near boiling point and pour over the ribs. Cover

tender, about 1½ hours. Serve with baked potatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. G. E. Taylor, Duckenfield, Morpeth, N.S.W.

FILLED EGG-PLANT

Two small egg-plants, 1lb. bacon, 2 eggs, 2 small onions, about 1 dessertspoon fat, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon spice, pepper and salt.

Wash egg-plants, halve, and simmer gently until tender (about 15 minutes). Drain, scoop out, and pulp. Chop onions finely and sauté in a little fat until tender. Add tomato sauce and spice and chopped bacon and about 1 cup water. Cook for about 5 minutes. Remove from heat, add

DINNER MENU . . . rabbit cutlets, spiced in the cooking, and served with steaming hot piquant sauce, potato cakes, and bacon-flavored green peas . . . meringue-cupped rhubarb pie as the sweet.

U.S. Office of War Information photo.

close and cook in slow oven until baked potatoes. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Muscat, N. Side Post Office, Mackay, Qld.

BANANA-STUFFED FISH

Three small whiting, bream, or other small fish, lemon, pepper, salt, 3 medium bananas fairly soft, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 green peppers, 1 cup milk, parsley.

Clean and wash fish, removing head and fins. Season with pepper, salt, and lemon juice. Combine mashed bananas, breadcrumbs, chopped peppers, season with pepper and salt and stuff fish. Place fish in fireproof dish and add milk. Cover with greased paper and bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes. Chop parsley finely. Serve fish very hot with chopped parsley sprinkled down the centre of each fish. A sauce may be made, using the liquid left in the dish in which the fish was cooked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Gregory, c/o Carlton South Post Office, Melbourne.

Nerves!



In the case of nervous strain or worry - your system needs the invigorating influence of

CLEMENTS' TONIC

CT1/124

"Another Acquisition to the Modern Kitchen" SAYS HILDA HOUSEWIFE

THE MAJOR MINCER!



For the speedy and economical preparation of wholesome and tasty meals . . . Will not wobble when clamped to the table . . . Very pleasing in appearance and lasts a lifetime . . . An ideal present for a bride.

A GUARANTEED **POPE** PRODUCT FROM THE KITCHEN UTILITY DIVISION



Vegetable culture for August

By OUR HOME GARDENER

VEGETABLE culture during August deals largely with weeding, hoeing, manuring, and finishing off the winter digging.

Soil should be prepared for spring crops, such as French beans, sweet corn, tomatoes, egg-plants, cucumbers, pumpkins, and early squashes. All belong to the tender class and should not be sown (except under glass) until all danger of frost is over.

Seedlings that are well advanced in growth and have been hardened off can be transplanted to open ground. Among these are onions, leeks, silver beet, beetroots, sugar-loaf cabbages, lettuces, chives, parsley, and most herbs.

Seeds of radishes, parsnips, carrots, silver beet, beetroots, white turnips, lettuces, and Chinese cabbage will germinate if sown in well-prepared beds of sandy loam.

Thin them out as soon as possible with a ruthless hand so that the remaining plants can develop fully.

Keep 'em growing, too, by cultivating lightly with the Dutch hoe between the rows and giving them reasonable top or side dressings of well-balanced fertiliser.

Cabbages, cauliflowers, broccoli, and other leafy types will benefit from weak doses of nitrogen applied every week or ten days.

OVO YOUR EGGS

NO SCARCITY IF YOU ACT THIS SEASON. Preserve an ample supply in Ovo when prices drop—save money—avoid disappointment. Insist on OVO—the proved preservative of over 30 years' reputation. Obtainable all Grocers.

GOING UP



Take a look at this chimney stack and you'll get some idea of what Peter Hanrahan and his mate, John Roseman, put up with in the winter. "Rain, wind, sleet. I get the lot," says Peter, "but just the same, I manage to keep 'flu away. A cup of hot Bonox before I go up, and one when I come down looks after me." There's nothing like a good hot cup of Bonox to keep Old Man 'Flu away, and put wonderful new life into you. The moment you drink Bonox you can feel new strength racing through your whole system. You just feel as if 'flu hasn't got a chance. And it hasn't. Have a cup of steaming hot, delicious Bonox every day.

8419



For Good Health

Keep healthy—free from constipation—by taking Nyal Figsen, the gentle, pleasant-tasting laxative. Chew one or two Figsen tablets before going to bed to-night. In the morning Figsen acts—gently but thoroughly. Nyal Figsen is one of the 166 dependable Nyal Family Medicines sold by qualified chemists everywhere. 24 tablets—1/3.

Nyal Figsen

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

Eczema Itch Cause killed in 3 days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching, cracking, eczema, peeling, burning, acne, ringworm, psoriasis, blackheads, pimples, pool itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly, and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble. The guarantee protects you.

NIXODERM 2/- & 4/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.



Look for the display of Moygashel when selecting materials for suits or dresses. Glorious colors, superb quality, and they are crease-resisting and washable.

Inserted by
H. W. BEVAN & CO. PTY. LTD., 181 Clarence St., Sydney.
Representatives of STEVENSON & SON LTD.
Dungannon Co., Tyrone and Argyle St., London. W.1

The shorter man

was standing near me. He swung hard with his right hand. It cracked against the side of my face. It hurt. I tried to get up. He shoved me back in the chair with his left hand, and hit me again with his right. I heard a gurgling sound from Iris. I tried to look at her, but my head was spinning and I couldn't see clearly. My jaw felt swollen.

I said, "I don't know how or why those cigars got broken. When I put them in the drawer, they were perfectly good cigars. I can't explain something I don't understand."

My friend at the mantel nodded at the man by the chair. That gentleman needed no urging. He went to work on me. I've taken beatings before, but this was different. I couldn't fight back.

After a while he stopped punching me. My head felt like a balloon. The two men talked together. Then the tall man said to me, "Who's got the stuff?"

I didn't say anything. "The police?" I shook my head. He said, "I might kill both of you." There was another conference. The shorter man came over to me and hit me again.

The other man said, "Think it over. Maybe you'll change your mind. You haven't seen the last of us."

They left the apartment. I felt sick. I saw Iris struggling in her chair. I hoped she'd get somewhere. She did, because they hadn't bound her very tightly. But it took a long time.

She got loose. She came over to me and I saw that she was crying. She didn't untie me right away. She put her arms round me and pressed her cheek against mine. She kissed me and she said something wonderful. She said, "Oh, my darling..." The telephone woke me. I turned

Danger in Paradise

Continued from page 7

over quickly and said, "Ouch!" That was the side of my face which had come in for most of the punishment. I blinked at the morning sunlight, picked up the phone and said, "Hello."

Iris' voice came to me. She said, "I wanted to find out how you're feeling, Jimmy?"

"A little the worse for wear, but... hey! Something!"

"What?"

"You went hysterical on me last night after our boy-friends left. You called me darling."

"Was that hysteria?"

"I'm asking."

There was the briefest of hesitations. Then she said, "I don't think it was."

I said, "Wow!" I said it in a loud voice. I repeated it. I yelled. "You meant it?"

"Yes... Yes, dear, I meant it."

I was standing up now, holding the telephone and feeling crazy. Spring was in the air. Love was in bloom. I said, "I love you. I love you over the telephone. I love you by telegraph and radio. I love you in all the ways there are. I'm



glad somebody slapped me round. I wish...

She said, "Don't, darling. You make me feel like crying. You make me feel like..."

There was a sound from her end of the telephone. She was crying, and that didn't make sense. But if that was what she felt like doing—whatever she felt like doing—it was fine with me.

On the way to the office I made up a story about the black eye and the swollen face. I tried it out on Gloria, who was working efficiently at the switchboard and looking subdued. I told her I had got into a fight with two drunks in a bar. I went into my office and the word spread.

Hal White and Penny Atkins and a half-dozen others dropped in to kid me.

I had lunch with Dan Crowley. I didn't tell him anything about the miracle. Iris hadn't said I could, but I wouldn't have the heart anyway. I liked him.

I told him about the session at my place the previous night. He seemed interested and a little grim. He made me describe the two men over and over again.

I sold him then about my plan to go and have another chat with Curly Ellis. He thought that wouldn't be a bad idea, so after I left him, I called Curly. He said he'd be glad to see me.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Carter's, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 ***

SHE wasn't making any more play for me. That had ended with my reintroduction to Claude. Now she watched me apprehensively, waiting for me to say something.

I said, "I kept my word. Claude had plenty of chance to make a getaway."

She looked at me and kept waiting.

"There's one thing I think you should understand, Gloria. Sooner or later they'll pick him up. When they do, he hasn't got a chance. There's nothing anybody can do to help him. But he isn't the only person involved. You're in a bad spot yourself, you know."

She looked startled, as though the idea was brand-new.

I hammered away at my point. "Knowing that Claude had committed a murder, you helped to hide him from the police. You became an accessory, and that isn't so good. You did your best to take care of him. Now, if you're smart, you'll start taking care of yourself."

She showed symptoms of interest. I said, "I'm interested in Howard Lawton. He's mixed up in this nine different ways. You can help me get the dope on him."

"How?"

"Lawton believes you are still in contact with Claude, doesn't he? I don't know whether you are or not, and I don't care. But if Lawton believes you're still in touch, he would also believe that any message you brought from Claude was legitimate."

She said, "I don't know what you're driving at."

"I want Lawton scared. It's got to be done in such a way that he won't suspect a frame-up. I want you to have a confidential talk with him. It won't be the first time it won't seem unnatural. I want you to tell him that the police grabbed Claude and questioned him. Then tell him that Claude made a second getaway. Let Lawton understand that Claude talked, and that in talking he tied Lawton up with the cigars, and—as an accessory—in the murder of Al Brenner. You have come to Lawton to warn him."

Please turn to page 39

I'm good at cleanin' up — just like my PEARS' SOAP!

WHAT makes Pears Soap so perfect for Baby? Its purity. You can see this purity simply by holding a tablet up to the light. There is nothing like the purity of Pears for the rose-leaf skin of your baby.





JOHN WARREN DARKE, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Darke, of Chilton Pde., Warrawee, N.S.W. At 2½ years he's a perfect specimen of Australian babyhood. Eats well; no ailments.

FEEDING PROBLEMS

By SISTER MARY JACOB

At some time in the first few years of life, many parents are worried because their children will not eat.

Lack of appetite may be sudden or gradual. If a child who usually has a healthy appetite one day refuses his food, it is usually a danger signal, often means the onset of some illness, and the child should be placed under observation.

Physical conditions such as constipation, indigestion, diseased tonsils, and bad teeth are often found to be the cause.

Fatigue, either physical or mental, is a frequent cause, often not suspected, of lack of appetite.

The causes of fatigue in little children are many — not enough sleep, too prolonged exercise, too much study or excitement, overstimulation (often caused by being continually with adults).

An emotional factor such as jealousy of an older or younger child often makes a child seek his share of the spotlight by refusing to eat.

Lastly, parental attitudes are often entirely responsible for a child's poor appetite. They are too solicitous and too insistent that the child should eat, and to show concern is a fatal mistake.

A helpful leaflet can be had from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Please send stamped addressed envelope.



ROSS HANLEY, of Charles St., Fivedock, N.S.W. has won a special prize for the best toddler attending the local clinic.

said Mrs. Sherman. "Wouldn't taking out his tonsils prevent him from getting so many colds?"

"The frequency of colds has not been found to be reduced by taking out the tonsils. Treatment of the nasal sinuses can be a help, but the best result in the treatment of frequent colds is obtained by building the general resistance of the body with the foundation foods which are so vital to the growing child—milk (1½ pints a day), meat, cheese, eggs, fruit, and vegetables, wheatmeal bread, and home-cooked oatmeal or wheatmeal porridge. The most skilled surgeon cannot make good the low bodily resistance resulting from insufficient body-building foundation foods in the child's daily food. Surgery can offer no real substitute for a well-nourished body."

"But what about the bronchitis and asthma?" Mrs. Sherman asked.

"Bronchitis is what we call a contra-indication to taking out tonsils, and asthma is not improved."

"You mean that the tonsils should not be taken out when there is bronchitis?" she asked.

"That's so," I replied. "And we know that taking out the tonsils is no benefit to acute rheumatism or kidney disease either. Taking every child's tonsils out has no effect on the spread of scarlet fever, rheumatic fever, or pneumonia."

"So what should I do?" asked Mrs. Sherman.

"See that Bill gets the good food that his body needs," I replied. "Bring him back to me in six months' time. If his tonsils are very much more enlarged, so that they interfere with his swallowing, I'll change my opinion, but I can see no present reason to suggest that Bill's health would be improved by taking out his tonsils."

Taming the tonsils

By MEDICO

"WOULD you look at Billy's throat?" asked Mrs. Sherman. "He's six and my next-door neighbor thinks his tonsils should come out."

Before I looked at Bill's throat, I felt his neck to see if there were any enlarged lymph glands beside the angle of the jaw. I noticed that Bill was breathing freely through his nose. I asked Mrs. Sherman if Bill had suffered from quinsy (abscess behind the tonsil), repeated attacks of tonsillitis, or temporary hoarseness.

Mrs. Sherman's negative reply gave me an opportunity to make friends with Bill before I put my hand mirror, which reflected the light on to the back of his tongue. "Bill's tonsils are slightly enlarged, but that is normal at his age, and such enlargement is now considered to be rather a sign of health."

"The tonsils are the policemen of the throat," I explained to Mrs. Sherman. "They arrest bacteria as they enter the body and become active and slightly enlarged in the process."



ADORABLE WENDY MARGARET, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Maskell, Prospect Hill Rd., Surrey Hills, Victoria. A clinic baby, she eats well, has never been sick.

"Bill seems to get frequent colds, which go on to bronchitis, and I think he's got a touch of asthma,"

STOPS BAD COUGH
... one dose



Breaks up Heavy Cold . . . Three Doses

Triple-acting Treatment . . . Working on entirely new principle . . . for really bad Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough . . . where ordinary remedies fail.

Pour yourself a teaspoon of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture. Let it lie on your tongue a moment . . . then swallow slowly. Feel instant, powerful action spread through throat, head, lungs. Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture soothes raw membranes—calms exhausted nerve ends—makes breathing free and easy! You'll hear no more from that tough, old, hanging cough nothing seems to help. Now at all chemists and stores.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out excess acids and poisons wastes in your blood through 9 million tiny delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If Poisons in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Interrupted Sleep, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Cries under Spas, Backache, Aching Joints or Acidity, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such Poisons and troubles with the doctor's prescription Cystex. Cystex starts working in three hours, must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Ask your chemist or store for Cystex (Baxter) to-day. The Guarantee—protects you. Now in 2 sizes: 4/6, 8/6.

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

QUALITY
HAS NOT BEEN
RATIONED!



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME

MORLEY
ON UNDERWEAR



At ease . . .
though active!

Built into every Bedgood Archlock Balanced Foundation Shoe is a special Arch Support securely "locked" in place. This explains how Archlock shoes can carry you through the most active day and keep you free from foot discomfort and strain. In multiple fittings from AAA to EE at 40/- & 8 coupons.

Because of transport difficulties, only limited supplies are available in N.S.W.



ARCHLOCK

BALANCED FOUNDATION

by **Bedgood**

PERSIL KEEPS WOOLLIES SO SOFT AND FLEECY...

even last season's garments look shop-new!



You've seen how Persil gives the whitest wash, haven't you? And you know it's because Persil's oxygen-charged suds get out all the dirt. Well, those same active suds do the same thorough cleansing job with woolly jumpers, scarves, your knitted frocks and woolly undies, too. Carefully they bubble round and round each thread, coaxing out every trace of dirt with no hard rubbing and little handling. And all so gently that your garments stay fresh and new-looking season after season. You want your woollies to keep their warmth and good looks, don't you? Then wash them in Persil. There's nothing safer.



HOW TO MAKE YOUR WOOLLIES LAST LONGER



First, measure your garment. Then mix up your Persil and add it to water that's barely warm. Gently squeeze your woolly in the suds. And please don't rub two surfaces together or your woolly will become felted and shrunk. If any part is badly soiled, just lay it flat on one hand and lightly rub with the other.



Rinse well—at least three times—in water of the same temperature as your suds. If any colour shows in the rinse, add a little vinegar to the last rinsing water (about 3 cups to every gallon). Never twist or wring woollens, but roll them tightly in a nick towel and press out the moisture.



Dry flat—away from direct heat. Pack with tissue paper or towels—sleeves as well as body. Put a piece of folded tissue in any pockets and underneath the collar. Check measurements, easing the woolly back to its former shape. Turn now and again so that it dries as quickly as possible.

I'M SO WORRIED I COULD
CRY TED, IT MAY BE
**INFECTIOUS
DANDRUFF**



NOTHING TO CRY OVER
HONEY, MINE WAS TOO, AND
YOU KNOW HOW QUICKLY
**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC
HELPED ME!**



I never lose time from work now.
Those Backaches and Headaches
have gone since I have been
taking Ford Pills and I can work
all day without getting tired.

Ford Pills are wonderful for Con-
stipation, Headaches, Backaches,
Indigestion and Stomach troubles.
They contain the concentrated
extracts that give you the valuable
laxative properties of fruit—to
keep you well in Nature's way.
Start a course of Ford Pills to-day.
Get genuine Ford Pills in the un-
breakable tubes; you can get large
size tubes only just now for 2/6
EVERYWHERE.

FORD PILLS

WORMS

MENACE CHILDREN'S HEALTH

Don't take chances with your children's
health at your own. Tiredness, loss of
weight, irritability are symptoms of
worms. SAN-O-LAX quickly, safely,
thoroughly clears them from the system. It's
pleasant to take. See.

YOUR chemist sells

SAN-O-LAX
WORM SYRUP

Distributed by Pether & Birks Pty. Ltd.

HAEMORRHOIDS

Don't risk ulceration or an
operation! Get quick, permanent
relief with Austin Haemorrhoid
Treatment. A proven
formula efficacious in stubborn
cases. Many years' success.
Course 12/6 post free from
HAEMORRHOID PILLS Co., Mel-
bourne, and 107 Pitt St., Sydney.

SHE remained
quiet and thoughtful for a long time.
Then she said, half to herself and
half to me, "I couldn't lose, could I?"
"No."

She looked straight at me. "I'll
take a chance on you, Jimmy. I'll
do it."

The following afternoon Gloria got
word to me that she was going out
with Lawton that night. She said
she'd telephone me afterwards.

The call came in a little after ten
o'clock. Earlier than I had ex-
pected. She said, "It worked. He
believed me. He wanted to
know just how he had been im-
plicated, and I said Claude told the
cops that he had been hired by Law-
ton to do the burglary. He was
scared sick. I'm sure he thinks he's
being investigated and will be picked
up soon."

I said, "I hope you're right,
Gloria."
"Don't worry about that end of
it, Jimmy. I know him. I can
tell when he's frightened." There
was a brief pause. "What about
me?"

"I'll keep my word."

I heard her sigh. Then she said
"Good-night" and hung up. I sat
where I was, thinking. Then I
telephoned Curly Ellis.

Curly said, "Nice work. How did
you do it?"

"Through somebody else. What
gives now?"

He didn't answer right away. Then
he said, "If he wants to move, he
couldn't until to-morrow morning
when the banks open. If I was
him..." Curly sounded thought-
ful. "I'd have a bad night. Then
I'd be at the bank first thing in the
morning."

"So would I."
"Then we will be, too. We can
pick him up when he leaves his
house and follow him. It ought to
be easy."

I agreed that it should be. Curly
said he'd meet me across the street
from my apartment house at 8.30.

He was waiting for me when I
got downstairs at 8.20 next
morning. He started in the
general direction of Lawton's apart-
ment. Each of us took it for
granted that the other knew where
Lawton lived. We were both right.

We stood way down the block
with our backs against the plate-
glass window of a restaurant.

At eight minutes to ten Lawton
appeared. He started walking. I
said, "Right direction." I told
Curly I happened to know that Law-
ton had his personal account in a
branch of a big bank. The branch
was just a few blocks away. Know-
ing where Lawton was headed, we
didn't have to take chances.

His timing was perfect. He reached
the bank on the instant they rolled
back their big bronze doors. We
posted ourselves near the subway
kiosk across the street. Curly hailed
a taxi. He told the driver to pull
his flag down and wait at the kerb.
We didn't have long to wait.

Howard Lawton left the bank.
He flagged a cab. He hopped in,
and we did the same with ours. The
driver stepped on his starter and
nodded at Curly's brief order to trail
Lawton's cab, but not too closely, and
to stop at least a half block away
from wherever the other stopped.

We moved a little faster than the
traffic. Our driver had to ease
through a couple of changing lights.
But he got through, which was all
that mattered.

Lawton's cab stopped in front of
a tall, narrow apartment building.
He got out and paid his driver. He
went inside.

I stared. I said, "Well, for
heavens' sake!"

Curly glanced at me. He said,
"What hit you?"

I pointed. "The building Lawton
just went into," I said. "That is
the house where Mary Bishop lived.
Wally Carrington was murdered there."

Curly Ellis stared at the building.
His face was expressionless; his eyes
even more so. He said, "Let's go,"
and started across the street.

Beside the building he stopped
and said, "Carrington was killed in
18-A. That's where Lawton was
headed. His coming to this house
isn't a coincidence, you know."

I agreed that it wasn't. I said:
"What do we do now?"

Danger in Paradise

Continued from page 36

"We visit Mr. Lawton," Curly said
calmly. "I can get a key to the
apartment. You wait here and keep
watch. If he leaves, tell him. That
should be easy, because his next
move would probably be to the
studio. If he hasn't gone by the
time I get back, we might have some
fun."

I refrained from asking questions
that I knew Curly wouldn't answer.

Two things bothered me. First:
How Curly knew that Wally had been
murdered in apartment 18-A. That
had not appeared in any newspaper.
Where was he going for a key to
the apartment?

Curly was back in less than half
an hour. Finding me there told
him Lawton hadn't left. He wasn't
in the habit of wasting words and
he didn't waste any now. But be-
fore we started in, he said, "Party's
liable to get rough. You'd better wait
down here."

"I'll come."

"It's my show."

I shrugged and nodded. We got
into the elevator and went up to
the eighteenth floor. We went to
a door with the letter A on it. Curly
slipped the key into the lock and
let us in.

He closed the door almost sound-
lessly. He led the way down the
long, wide foyer to the vast living-
room. Everything looked as it had
the afternoon of Wally's death ex-
cept that dust was all over every-
thing. Curly walked into the living-
room. I don't believe Lawton had
heard us, because he looked sur-
prised.

Curly moved close to Lawton.
When he got within range he
brought his fist up from the floor.
It smacked against Lawton's jaw.
It was a beautiful punch. Lawton
didn't make a sound. He started
to sag and Curly caught him before
he hit the floor. He carried him to
the couch, ripped some silk cords
off the window drapes and did a
neat job of trusting Mr. Lawton up.

He took out a handkerchief and
shoved it between Lawton's teeth.
He tied the ends of it behind Law-
ton's head. Then he went through
the victim's pockets swiftly and ex-
pertly.

He looked disappointed. He turned
round and saw Lawton's overcoat
on a chair. He looked in the left pocket
and pulled out two things: One
looked like an ordinary envelope
sealed. The other was backed with
light blue paper and had an im-
pressively legal appearance. He
ripped open the envelope and
glanced at the contents. He inspected
the second document. He seemed
more happy.

I said, "Those the things you
wanted?"

He nodded. I said, "I'd like to see
them. Now."

Curly's eyes were bleak. He said,
"Stay on your own side of the fence,
Drake. It's safer over there."

Smart lad, Curly. He had used
me to keep tabs on Lawton, and
now he wasn't going to tell me what
it was all about. His refusal wasn't
entirely unexpected, but I wasn't
having any. I knew what I was
going to do. I'd had my first lesson
just a few minutes ago, and I re-
peated Curly's technique. I man-
oeuvred myself within range and
let fly. But I didn't have
Curly's luck. As the military men
say, the element of surprise was
lacking.

Curly picked the punch off on his
forearm. His counter was neat. I
plunged in and got my arms round
his middle.

It was a brawl. Not pretty. Not
picturesque. Just dirty.

What lost for Curly in the end
was age. I was 29. He was twelve
or thirteen years older than I was.
His breathing became labored, his
grip less powerful. I tore loose
finally and hit hard.

By the time he hit the floor I was
on top of him. I hit him again,
when he was down, and my con-
science didn't bother me a bit. He
passed out, and that was fine with
me, too. I repeated his perform-
ance. I bound him with drapery
cords and decorated his face with a
handkerchief gag. I went into his

coat pocket and took out the docu-
ments he had borrowed from
Brother Lawton.

I flopped into a chair. My breath-
ing sounded like a switch engine. I
opened the document with the blue
backing.

It was very interesting, but it
didn't make much sense. Then I
opened the one that was in the en-
velope. That was much more in-
teresting and made plenty of sense.
It made so much sense that for quite
a few seconds I couldn't under-
stand it. Then I picked up the
telephone, called the F.B.I. and got
Dan Crowley without too much
trouble. I told him where I was
and who I was with. I said he'd
look good to me if he could pay me
a quick visit. He said he'd be glad
to. He didn't sound excited. Just
polite. Always polite.

I said, "Look, this sounds brutal,
but there's a lot of talking to be
done. Do you think you could get
hold of Sonia Carrington and bring
her with you? It'd help. Wally
was killed in this apartment. I've
got two men here who know a lot
about it. Sonia can fill up the
vacant spaces."

He promised to get her and come
straight over. I settled down to a
period of waiting and thinking. As
a matter of fact, there was a lot
to think about.

Both Lawton and Curly Ellis were
beginning to come back from where-
ever they had been. Their eyes
opened. They did a little twisting
and turning, but it didn't help. They
looked thoroughly unhappy.

I heard the front door open. It
was a sweet, reassuring sound. The
speed of it amazed me. This was
fast, even for F.B.I.

Two people walked into the room.
One of them wasn't Dan Crowley.
The other wasn't Sonia Carrington.

The first person in was the short,
powerful man who had slapped me
round in my own apartment not too
long ago. Behind him was the tall,
elegant figure of Senator Pedro Her-
nandez.

Hernandez was smiling. He was
also holding a gun.

To be concluded



and Look years younger

FRENCH

(FORMULA)

Hair Restorer

is a pure white lotion.

An approved inexpensive
method for treating your
hair at home.

FOR GREY HAIR TRY

FRENCH HAIR RESTORER

Packed in Plain Wrapper.

5/6

Postage extra.

Sold by:

BEAUTY SHOPPE

Leading Permanent Wave Specialist

James Place, Adelaide, S. Aus.

ANTHONY HORDERN & SONS

LTD.

Chemist Shop, Brickfield Hill

Sydney, N.S.W.

AHERN'S LTD.

Hay and Murray Streets

Perth, W. Aus.

CENTRAL PHARMACY

Cr. Bourke and Elizabeth Streets

Opp. G.P.O.

Melbourne, Victoria

T. C. BEIRNE PTY. LTD.

Brunswick Street, The Valley

Brisbane, Queensland

SCOTT'S PTY. LTD.

Hunter Street, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Thousands have written

THESE TABLETS can help YOU,
too, to new vigorous health!

Elasto

REGISTERED

TABLETS

FOR BLOOD, VEINS, ARTERIES, ETC.



Thousands of
grateful users have
written of the
amazing speed and
effectiveness of
Elasto in relieving
weariness and pain
resulting from
sluggish or poor
blood condition.

People suffering from rheuma-
tism, varicose veins, varicose
ulcers, piles, eczema, and other
skin complaints, and even phle-
bitis, have successfully taken
Elasto tablets.

Elasto brings quick relief—the
amazing efficacy of this new
biomedical treatment is due to
the fact that it goes to work
right at the source of the trouble
—on the blood stream.

Much unnatural weariness and
many chronic pain conditions are
due to a breakdown of the blood
circulation system or a paucity
of certain elements of the blood
itself.

How ELASTO Works

Elasto is not a drug, but a
vital cell food. It restores vital
elements which combine with the

blood albumin to form organic
elastic tissue. This in turn en-
ables nature to restore elasticity
to the tired and devitalized fab-
ric of veins, arteries, etc.

Results

As a result, normal, healthy
circulation is re-established and
true natural healing follows.
Varicose veins are restored to a
healthy condition; arteries be-
come supple; skin troubles clear
up, leg wounds heal naturally,
piles and rheumatism are relieved.

What users of ELASTO say:

"No signs of varicose veins
now."

"Completely healed my varicose
ulcers."

"Elasto has quite cured my
eczema."

"My doctor marvelled at my
quick recovery from phlebitis."

AVAILABLE FROM
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Get a supply of Elasto from your
chemist to-day and see for your-
self what a wonderful difference
Elasto makes. Obtainable from
chemists and stores everywhere.
Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

Good morning! Good afternoon! and a Really Good night!

HOW MILO HELPS TO BUILD ENERGY, INCREASE VITALITY
AND INDUCE RESTFUL SLEEP

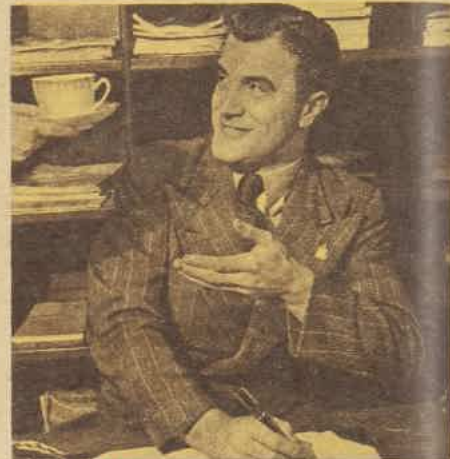
GIVE MILO a place in your daily time-table. There's always a time when some member of the family can benefit from a cup of this delicious, fortified tonic food. MILO nourishes the body, fortifies the nerves, and helps you to work well, feel well, and sleep well. MILO is a chocolate-flavoured, concentrated tonic food, prepared from pure country milk and malted cereals, fortified by the addition of vitamin concentrates, organic phosphates, and important mineral salts.



11 a.m. For that extra "zip" which will carry you through a busy day... MILO in the middle of the morning is a nourishing, natural tonic, delicious in flavour.



11 a.m. Round about mid-morning the busy housewife feels the strain. A cup of MILO will help to restore lost energy and recuperate the whole nervous system.



3.30 p.m. If spirits begin to flag as the afternoon draws on, a stimulating cup of MILO will give you the necessary "lift" to help you finish the day.



4 p.m. Home from school, mentally tired, but with plenty to do before the day is over. Give the kiddies a glass of MILO, and keep them "on their toes" and fighting fit.



10 p.m. The work and worry of the day is over, and body and brain need sound, refreshing sleep. Make sure of it, keep that bedtime date with a soothing cup of warm MILO.



MILO

The Tonic
for the Times

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT



DOCTORS ENDORSE THE
VALUE OF MILO

MILO is a complete food and an excellent tonic. It is the result of prolonged scientific research, and is designed to compensate for many mineral and vitamin deficiencies in modern diet, to fortify the nervous system, and provide essential food elements in an easily assimilable form.

COPYRIGHT 1945